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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

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The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.
The Papacy and the Popes.
A Short Lesson in Foreign Missions.
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CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—The Massacre in Paris; Coligny and His Friends ..... *Vasari*

SERIALS AND EDITORIALS—Thos. E. Watson:

ARTHUR BRISBANE'S THEORY THAT GRAY EYES AND GENIUS GO TOGETHER 3

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW—Second Part 13

HISTORY OF THE POPES AND PAPACY 23

A SHORT LESSON IN FOREIGN MISSIONS 30

EDITORIAL NOTES 39

MISCELLANEOUS 44

BOOK REVIEWS 53

INTUITION—A Poem ..... *John Joseph Scott* 26

MAYOR BRAND WHITLOCK, OF TOLEDO, OHIO ..... *Orman T. Headley* 27

THE FAMOUS "BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS," AS TOLD BY ONE WHO WITNESSED IT ..... *Horace Hicks* 32

MODERNISM—A Poem ..... *Ralph M. Thomson* 35

CHILDREN AND BOOKS ..... *Alice Louise Lytle* 36

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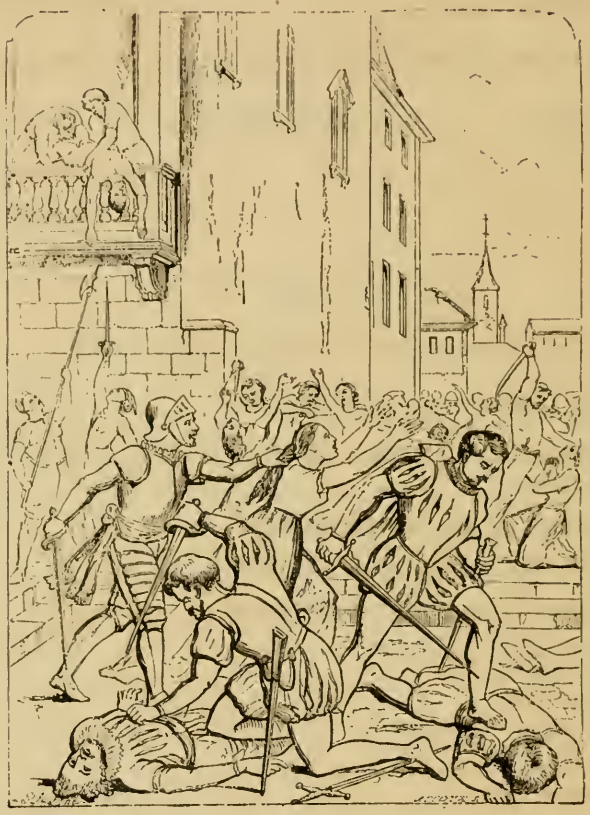


The Massacre in Paris; Coligny and His Friends

(From the picture in the Vatican gallery, by Vasari)

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Arthur Brisbane's Theory That Gray Eyes and Genius Go Together

PERHAPS it did not originate with the great editor of the Hearst publications—the best paid editor that ever lived.

Inasmuch as I am the worst paid editor that ever lived, it is peculiarly my province, duty, mission, and pleasure to combat this theory of Arthur Brisbane, Esquire.

Lest I do him injustice, his latest outburst upon that theme is here presented, with the request that you note his shift of position. Whereas, he formerly maintained with exasperating stoutness, that gray eyes were the peculiar color of genius, he now includes *blue and hazel eyes*, a very different proposition.

But let us read what he says:

The great men of the world are and have been men with blue or gray eyes.

The only exception is the man with so-called hazel eyes, so light that they are included in the category of "light-eyed men."

But of the world's **greatest men** concerning whom we have definite knowledge **every one without exception had light eyes.**

Observe these **facts.** The greatest of all musicians was Beethoven—gray eyes.

And the next among musicians was Wagner—gray eyes.

The three greatest fighters were Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon—all with light eyes. And the men whom they thrashed, pursued and conquered were bown-eyed as a rule.

Vercingetorix, the Gaul, who made the best fight against Cæsar, was blue-eyed.

Our own Grant was blue-eyed, and so was Lincoln, bigger than Grant.

Greatest of all writers, Shakespeare, had light eyes, and the next man to him in modern days, Goethe, was a blue-eyed man.

Dante, greatest of the writing Italians, had gray eyes.

And this was true of Michael Angelo, the greatest artist.

The biggest living American inventor, Edison, has blue eyes that would suit any young baby.

Blue-eyed also were Washington, Jefferson and Franklin.

In fact, the rule holds good on every page of history.

One young man, Mr. J. M. P., writes in substance as follows:

"I have busted your blue-eye, brown-eye theory. Studying the life of Peter the Great of Russia, I find that his eyes were very dark. You can't deny that he was a great man, and so your blue-eye theory falls to the ground."

On the contrary the theory stands up admirably. Perhaps Peter the Great **did** have black eyes, although we doubt it in view of his race.

But Peter the Great was not by any means a great man. He was only **Peter** the Great. He was remarkable for his day, for his courage, for his will power.

But if he had been the right kind of a great man he wouldn't have killed dozens of seamen, on the theory that he could gradually teach them to drink salt water safely. He would not have been so needlessly and inconceivably brutal. Cruelty is ignorance.

Some day we shall know why it is that man with the light hair and the light eyes is ahead of the dark-haired, black-eyed man. That it **is** so we feel instinctively. Even our young friend J. M. P. will admit this. He could not imagine a Viking of the old days sailing the sea and conquering the South except as a big broad-shouldered man with fair skin, yellow hair and blue eyes.

He could not imagine black or brown eyes in the place of Napoleon's gray eyes, piercing through men big and little, finding a great marshal in the son of a small

lawyer, discovering the ridiculous weakness of the kings that he kept waiting in his ante-chamber.

We know that this is irritating to our brown-eyed brothers. But let them remember that a man can be very successful, very useful and a great deal of an American, even if he has brown eyes.

It is true that Harriman, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie and the modern dollar conquerors are blue-eyed also.

But that need not cause despair. Brown-eyed friends, deserve success, and you'll find joy in deserving as great as the joy of possession.

Mr. Brisbane affirms that the great men of the world have all been light-eyed; and he persistently pesters mankind by dwelling and expatiating upon the subject. In fact, it breaks out upon him, periodically, like a humor in the blood. He has to have it, at least once a year. And he never fails to tell us that Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, all three, had these light orbs.

This theory of the unvarying companionship of Genius and Light Eyes, is at least interesting. But is it valuable; and if so, what does it teach? In a world which has existed for unknown ages, and been peopled by countless myraids of human creatures, it would be a puzzling, tantalizing, unexplainable fact, if none of the dark-eyed men and women have ever been given the Open Sesame to the Hall of Fame.

Let us look into this thing, and find out if we can, what is the truth of the matter.

The other day, a German scientist told the Duchess of Roxburghe how to feed herself while "in a delicate situation," so that the issue might be a much desired boy. The Duchess followed the scientific regimen—and sure enough it was a boy!

Now, if the Brisbane theory is correct, there may be a scientific regimen which being scrupulously followed, will not only produce boy babies, but gray-eyed boy babies. Think of that!

Mr. Brisbane is nothing if not scientific; and I suspect that in propounding his theories about the color of the eyes which great men *must* have, he is paving the way to eliminate the black eyes, and the brown eyes which so many babies unfortunately bring into the world. For it stands to reason that if a scientist can predetermine the sex of the child, it is but one step farther to predetermine the color of its eyes. Is it not so?

But let us come to the facts:

Did Alexander the Great have gray eyes? I don't know: and Mr. Brisbane doesn't. A note in Plutarch tells us that one of Alexander's eyes was blue, and the other black! Plutarch himself does not say what the color was. But he uses the same word in describing them that he used in describing Pompey's; and Pompey's eyes were almost certainly black.

(See Langhone's Plutarch, Vol. V., p. 190.)

Let us bear in mind that Plutarch had access to authorities which have not come down to us. He is presumed to have used the best available information. His attention was fixed upon the details of Alexander's personal appearance. He mentions that Apelles had colored his painting of the Conqueror's face *too brown.* He mentions the peculiarity of Alexander in leaning his head a little to one side, and refers "to the quickness of his eye." But when Plutarch would name the color of Alexander's eyes, he does so in a note, quoting *the original authorities*, Aelian and Tzetses, the latter of whom states that "one of his eyes was black and the other blue."

Now, will Mr. Brisbane tell us upon what evidence he bases his assertion that the eyes of Alexander the Great were *light?*

The burden of proof would seem to be on him.

* * * * * *

Next, as to Cæsar:

The English historian, Froude, says

that the eyes of the mighty Julius were gray. But surely so careful a reader as the best paid editor that ever lived will not accept the unsupported evidence of Mr. Froude, when Froude's assertion is, that a typical man of *a black-eyed race* had freak eyes!

Mr. Froude, in the Preface of his Cæsar, correctly states that Suetonius, the Roman historian of the Cæsars, is the most trust-worthy source of information now existing. "Suetonius shows an effort at veracity, an antiquarian curiosity and diligence, and a serious anxiety to tell his story impartially. *Suetonius*, in the absence of direct or presumptive evidence to the contrary, *I have felt myself able to follow*." So says James Anthony Froude, M. A.; and yet, when he came to describe Cæsar's personal appearance, *he utterly abandons Suetonius!* Why?

The Roman historian must have been familiar with the accounts of Cæsar's contemporaries—especially the narative of Asinius Pollio, one of the officers who commanded under "the foremost man of all this world." Even the traditions concerning Cæsar must have been very much alive, at the time Suetonius wrote. The memorable events of that titanic career, and the eternally tragic and lamented death of the Dictator were such as to stimulate inquiry, and impress upon the human memory every knowable fact concerning him.

The Cæsar portrayed by Suetonius, 150 years after his murder, was a tall man, *round limbed;* robust, and enjoying splendid health; athletic, a superb horseman, unrivalled in the use of *the heavy Roman arms*. On the march, he went afoot at the head of the column: in battle, he fought in the very thickest of the fight. A finished orator, a perfect gentleman, an elegant scholar, a courtly favorite of highborn ladies; he was also the perfected soldier—a general in arranging the battle, and a matchless warrior in the actual clash of arms.

That is the Cæsar described by Suetonius, and by such modern scholars as Warde, of Oxford, England.

Both Suetonius and Dr. W. Warde Fowler tell us "*his eyes were black!*"

But Mr. Froude says that Cæsar "was tall and slight," his nose "thin," and "the eyes dark gray like an eagle's."

In Fowler's "Julius Cæsar," there are several illustrations, made from marble busts that have outlived antiquity. Two of these marble portraits are in the British Museum, another in the Royal Gallery of Madrid, another in the Museum of Naples, another in the Vatican at Rome.

Without exception, these marble busts, imperishable and cumulative testimony, disprove Mr. Froude's verbal portrait of a thin nosed, and slender-limbed Cæsar. His head was powerful, his jaw was powerful, his nose was powerful—just such a nose as Napoleon looked for in the choosing of his marshals. No such head, face and neck were ever given by Nature to a "slight" man—*never!*

(Deformed men, excepted, of course —and nobody says that Cæsar was deformed.)

As Mr. Brisbane lays much stress upon Cæsar, you will excuse me for quoting the description of the Oxford scholar, Warde Fowler, who says that all descriptions of Cæsar's personal appearance "*must rest solely on the evidence of Suetonius.*"

"He was tall for a Roman; but the Italian standard of height was probably then, as now, considerably below that of the northern races. His complexion was pale, or fair; *his eyes black* and lively; his mouth somewhat large; the lips, as they are represented in the coins and busts, being firmly set together, with the corners slightly drawn downwards. His forehead was

high, and appeared still higher in consequence of a premature baldness, which he is said to have tried to hide by combing his hair forwards. His nose was aquiline *and rather large.* The contour of his head, as represented in the well-known marble in the British Museum, *is extremely massive and powerful;* and the expression of the face is keen, thoughtful, and somewhat stern. It is the likeness of a severe schoolmaster of the world, whose tenderer side, with its capability of affection for friends and devotion towards women, is hardly traceable in the features.

His health was good, though late in life he was subject to some kind of seizure. He was capable of the most unremitting activity; *his limbs were big and strongly made.* Suetonius tells us that he was an extremely skillful swordsman and horseman, and a good swimmer."

(Italics mine.)

Again, I submit that the burden of proof is shifted to Mr. Brisbane.

* * * * * *

Of all the Frenchmen who have been considered great, Mr. Brisbane names none but Napoleon and Vercingetorix, the one blue-eyed and the other gray-eyed. But surely there were others; and if the blue-eyed Vercingetorix was conquered and slain by the black-eyed Cæsar, where are we at?

And if Alexander the Great had one black eye, and only one blue one, what have we demonstrated?

(Where's the black-eyed Hannibal, all this time?)

There are those who consider Wallenstein a *very* great man. Had independent command been possible to him, his career might have equalled Hannibal's, or Napoleon's. He was murdered by his imperial master, because he had risen from an obscure station to be the overshadowing figure in the Holy Roman Empire. What we know of him forces us to believe that he was greater than Richelieu, greater than Gustavus Adolphus, greater than Peter of Russia, or Fredeick of Prussia.

It was Wallenstein who checked the growing power of Protestantism, and thus pevented Europe from throwing off the yoke of the Papacy. It was Wallenstein who first gave to Germany the idea of *the immense importance of battle-ships.* It was he who set on foot the first system of internal improvements and the development of natural resources in Germany.

Surely such a man must be given a place among *the great.*

Well, his eyes were *small and dark.*

(Mitchell's "Life of Wallenstein." Page 144.)

The career of Richelieu is also a marvel of genius. Every one knows how he ruled the Bourbon King, how he quelled the feudal aristocracy on the one hand and the quasi-independent Protestants of France on the other, how he moulded the State into the obedient unity which furnished the smooth surface over which rolled the despotic decrees of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV.

The amazement caused by Richelieu's achievements grows when we consider that his life, like Alexander Pope's, was one long disease.

The hair of *the* Cardinal was intensely black, his complexion lividly pale, and his eyes a blazing *black.*

While we are on *France*, let us go further with our unique investigation:

Moliere was the French Shakespeare; and his complexion was swarthy, his eye-brows jet black, and his eyes dark.

Balzac was the Dickens of the French; and Balzac's eyes were "like black diamonds." His series of books, "The Human Comedy" is the most prodigious canvass that a novelist ever

covered with life-like types of men and women of all sorts and conditions.

Mirabeau and Danton were the Colossi, of the French Revolution: both had black hair and dark eyes.

Madame De Stael and Madame Roland were the two great women of the Revolutionary period; they both had black hair and dark eyes.

That Gambetta, Rachel and other illustrious French Jews also had black hair and eyes, hardly needs to be stated.

Mr. Brisbane says that "Goethe was a blue eyed man." Was he?

The "Life of Goethe" by James Sime, edited by Professor Eric S. Robertson, M. A., and published in London by Walter Scott, of 24 Warwick Lane, states, on page 13:

"Like his mother, Goethe had brown hair, and *dark*, lustrous eyes."

Mr. Brisbane says that Peter the Great was no exception to his rule, because Peter was *not* great. Usually, the verdict of mankind overrules the opinion of the individual. It is not an open question—that of Alexander's greatness. Neither is Cæsar's greatness an open question. As well might *I* say that the gray-eyed Charlemagne was not great; or that the gray-eyed Frederick II. of Prussia did not deserve the title which history bestows upon him.

MR. BRISBANE AMUSES HIMSELF BY ANNOUNCING THE STARTLING THEORY AS TO THE COLOR OF THE EYES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Peter of Russia transformed unorganized barbarians into an organized nation, changed their manners and customs, lugged them by main force into the European family, resisted and defeated the greatest warrior of that age—Charles XII. of Sweden—transferred his capital from the inaccessible Moscow, to the deep-water Gulf of Finland, where the St. Petersburg he

founded might bear directly upon the international politics of the universe. Peter took hold of Asiatic Russia, and hammered it, by sledge-hammer blows, into European Russia—the empire of railroads, navies, commerce, literature, arts and sciences. If there had been no Peter the Great, it is practically certain that the Turk would still be in power all along the Danube; that the Boyars would still be slaughtering peasants for amusement, or to gratify monetary passion; that there would be no schools, no splendid cities, none of the institutions which are supposed to make for civilization. If ever a man did leave his imprint, deep and indelible, upon a people, Peter did upon the Russians; and there wouldn't be the reverence for him that all the Russias feel, had he not been great and had he not lived and worked for Russians.

The man who left a throne to learn the ship carpenter's trade in Holland and in England, in order that his country might have ships, as good as the best, *was a great man*—great because of his purpose, great because of his bravery in running that personal risk, and great in the results which idea and his labor achieved for his people.

Did he make Russians drink salt water, as Brisbane alleges? Maybe so: he often drank too much fire water, himself, and was frequently the drunkest person in his dominions.

But we must also remember that Peter never got so drunk that he killed his bosom friend, the faithful soldier who had saved his chief's life—and Alexander the Great did that very thing.

Nor did Peter of Russia ever get so drunk that a wanton could madden him into giving a city to the flames—and Alexander did that very thing.

No Clitus murdered, no Persepolis burnt, reproach the memory of the colossal Russian.

Was William the Silent a great man? It cannot be denied: yet he had brown hair, brown beard and brown eyes.

(See Motley's Dutch Republic, Vol. III., p. 616.)

This *very* great man defied the mightiest monarch of the age, broke the spell of Spanish power, and made Holland free.

William the Silent was the Washington of the Dutch; and there is not a more illustrious name, or career, than that of the high-born Prince who gave his wealth, his aristocratic connections, his anxious years of arduous toil, and his life itself to the sacred cause of home-rule, civil rights, and religious liberty.

On the day that this great Dutchman was shot down by the hireling of the popish King of Spain, every person in Holland enjoyed the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. *That liberty was not then allowed in any other part of the so-called Christian world!*

Was D'Israeli a great man? He was born poor, and was a Jew; and fate cast his lot among the staidest, proudest, least emotional and changeable people on earth, the English. Yet, *that little Jew became the King of the British Empire.*

He worked his slow toilsome way upward, through Parliamentary warfare, and became Prime Minister. To hold that office, is to be the King, in actual power and responsibility.

When a despised Israelite can become the monarch of the Tories, of the proudest and richest empire the world ever knew, it is folly to deny that he was great.

D'Israeli's eyes were intensely black!

N. P. Willis who knew him when he was a curled, perfumed and be-jewelled dandy, in the dawing-room of Lady Blessington, describes his eyes as "black as Erebus"—hell, at that time,

having a much blacker reputation than it has at pesent.

Was Mr. Gladstone a great man? It cannot be denied: yet he did not have the indispensable light eyes without which no man can hope to be included in the Brisbane list of names, that were not born to die.

Was Curran a great orator, a matchless advocate, a genius of radiant quality? Many of his fellow men have thought so. But *his* eyes too, were as black as Erebus—according to his son's statement in the biography.

And then, think of the "terrible black eyes" of my lord Thurlow, when he, presiding Jove-like over the upper House in the British Parliament as Lord Chancellor of the Realm, is suddenly stung to fury by the insolent speech of the Duke of Grafton!

The haughty Peer has presumed upon the silver spoon that was in *his* mouth when he condescended to be born into the world, and has superciliously cast certain aspersions upon men by lowly birth. One of these men who were of humble birth was my lord Thurlow—and what does *he* do, when the Duke of Grafton has ceased to fulminate in that high presence of the hereditary peers of Great Britain?

Does Thurlow swallow the affront in politic silence? Does he, by deprecating mein, manner, or speech, seek forgiveness or haughty mankind for having been ushered into the world *from below?*

Not he: not the leonine Thurlow who had valiantly fought his way up at the bar, from briefless barrister days, until he is now on the top limb of his glorious—if sometimes prostituted—profession.

"His Grace" of Grafton has hardly retaken his seat, amid the covert smiles and nods of approval, from surrounding dukes and earls and marquises, before the old lion on the woolsack slowly rises, slowly walks forward, slowly looks over that self-complacent audience of Britain's proudest peers—looks over them with "his terrible black eyes." Then "fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder," he begins that speech, that brief speech, that immortal speech, which lashed mere pride of place and wealth and birth, as only a great man could, *there and then* have lashed them—a speech which thrilled Parliament when it was heard, thrilled England when it was printed, and will thrill the hearts of manly men as long as the world lasts.

And *this* was the speech:

"I am amazed," he said in a loud tone of voice, "at the attack the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my lords" —considerably raising his voice—"I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, and on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these as to being *the accident of an accident?* To all these noble lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself.

But I don't fear to meet it, singly and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but I must say, my lord, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more; I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England —nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affontry to be considered—*as a* MAN —I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon."

(Anecdotal History British Parliament, p. 136., and Campbell's Lives of

the Lord Chancellors, Vol. VII., p. 60.)

That speech is twin-brother to Robert Burns' poem, "A man's a man, for a' that."

And just as it was an affront thrown at the lowliness of his birth that struck the fire of eloquence out of Thurlow, it was an insolent exclusion from "a gentleman's" dining-room that gave eternal application and emphasis to the soul-stirring lines of Burns.

And Burns, also, had black eyes!

If you really want to see what intellect is, when fused with heart and soul, read Burns, and then as the hot tears dim your eyes, remember how desolate and wrechedly poor he was, shunned by the eminent respectability of his little town, and cursing the very day he was born!

The only companion picture is that of another black-eyed genius, Edgar Poe, sitting in friendless poverty at the Fordham Cottage, with a dying wife on the scanty bed, and his ragged overcoat spread upon her to keep her warm!

* * * * * *

Was Confucius a great man? It cannot be denied. He gave to the most numerous and most prolific of all human families a code of morals which his people accepted thousands of years ago, which has survived the invasion of foreign conquerors, and which today, after 200 years of Christian attack, stands practically untouched.

Let us re-read the tribute of our historian Edward Gibbon:

"The family of Confucius is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our princes and barons of Europe are lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above 2200 years, their peaceful honors and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered, by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind."

Confucius, a typical Mongolian was black haired and black eyed.

* * * * * *

Was Mahomet a great man? It cannot be denied. He founded a nation as well as a religion. His empire widened, until it lapped the Ganges upon the one side and the Nile upon the other; the Danube, in the West and the Euphrates in the East. It submerged Jerusalem, as well as the new capital of the Cæsars: it supplanted Christ at Damascus and Antioch, and it overthrew Buddha in many parts of Hindostan.

That religion is still virile and dominant: it gives its law to almost uncounted hordes; and its pilgrims pour in stronger tides toward Mecca, than do the papal devotees toward Rome. It has no infallible pope; it has no unmarried priesthood of marriageable men; it has no "holy" harems of incarcerated nuns; and its cornerstone of creed is, the one Almighty, eternal, indivisible, omniscient, omnipotent God.

And against *that* Gibraltar of simple Mohammedan faith, the waves of missionary Trinitarians have broken in vain.

Mahomet was great, and Mahomet had black hair, black beard and black eyes!

(See Irving's *Life of Mahomet*, Vol. I, p. 66.)

* * * * * *

Talk to the lawyers of this country, and they will tell you that John Marshall was the Saul, who towered head and shoulders over all the others. Daniel Webster in Congress and John Marshall on the Supreme bench *re-wrote the Constitution.*

In Webster's reply to Hayne, and in two or three of Marshall's decisions, the fundamental law of the Republic was so radically amended, that not

even Alexander Hamilton could have asked for more. They changed a federation of equal States, *united by written conditions*, into a nation whose central authoity can do anything which *it* conceives to be for the general welfare.

In other words, the Federal Government is the judge of its own powers, subject to the Federal supervision of appointive, life-tenure, Federal judges.

And both Marshall and Webster had black eyes—bless their eyes!

By the way, Alexander Hamilton also had dark eyes.

Did not Milton have black eyes? Did not Tennyson have brown eyes? Did not DeQuincey have brown eyes? Did not Charles Spurgeon have brown eyes? Did not Charles Fox, whom Burke called "the best debater the world ever saw," have black eyes? Did not Nelson, the greatest of all sea captains, have dark eyes?

Garibaldi was certainly a great man. No lucky circumstances favored him: he was not born to wealth, or high station: he remained oblivious to those glittering baubles which fascinate human moths and butterflies. But because he was ever ready to stake his life on a fight for the rights of the plain people, and fed throughout his career a fierce and righteous hatred of kings, popes and priesthoods, he gave unity to Italy, and freedom to millions who had been taught that it was the acme of earthly bliss to be permitted to kiss Poppa's foot.

Garibaldi was assuredly a great man—an elementally great man—great without reference to dress, ornament, office, riches, or environment—*great in himself*, always and everywhere!

And Garibaldi had black eyes.

Was Martin Luther a great man? It cannot be denied.

The truth is, we are so accustomed to the peaceful enjoyment of the mental freedom which he won for us, that we take the priceless heritage as we take our liberty to breathe and choose our own vocations.

Time was when men were born in furrows, in ruts, in layers, in social and political strata.

He who was born into the warrior caste, remained a warrior. He who was born into the laborer class, must hew wood and draw water all the bitter days of his life. He who was born a priest, remained so—and no mortal could approach his Creator save through *this* hereditary wicket, turnstile, doorway, vestibule: to speak to one's Maker through any other intermediary was sacrilegious, most abominable, eternally reprehensible, damnatory unspeakable.

It is almost impossible to realize that the Italian church had seized upon the elaborate machinery of paganism, and had well-nigh made a complete conquest of Europe with it. We find it hard to believe that human beings could be so degraded and oppressed, in comparatively recent times, as the feudal laws, the English statutory enactments, the French seignioral rights, and the Germanic customs conclusively prove. We are half-way incredulous when we read of the abuses, *stated in writing and not denied*, against which the peasants of England, of France and of Germany rose in frantic revolt, not so very long ago.

Were it not for the indubitable testimony of papal decrees, the official utterances of papal councils and ecclesiastics, the undeniable evidence contained in orthodox papal literature and dogma, and the ghastly record made by papal instrumentalities, under papal commands, in papal countries—were it not for such monumentally imperishable proof as this, the modern priest might succeed in convincing the modern world that the hellish record

of his Popes and his hierarchy is a mere fable, the invention of the Devil.

To Luther, more than to any one man, we owe it that such men as I can write and publish such articles as this. *Before* the age of Luther, this kind of thing would have cost me the same that it cost those good Catholics Jerome, Huss, and Bruno—a horrid death by fire.

As it *is*, these petticoated hellians of the Italian Pope—Joe Sarto, by name—are trying to ruin me financially and deprive me of my liberty, *for what?*

FOR RE-PRINTING A CHAPTER OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC THEOLOGICAL TEXT BOOK!

They don't want free America to know *what Roman Catholicism really is.*

Before the time of Luther, none dared to expose the crimes, the corruption, the paganism of Rome. They had murdered every man who had tried to uncover the hideous truth.

They tried to bribe Luther: they tried to silence him: they tried to scare him: they tried to kill him.

They failed at all points. The time had come, and the man had come!

This peasant-born German knew not the chill of fear: he knew nothing of the insidious temptings of wealth and power. A plain man of the people, a warm heart full of love for humanity, an unfailing attachment to the great fundamental principles of Right—a man who could beard a king as quickly as face a wood-cutter, and use toward purpled princes of the church the same harsh, hot words of scorn that he used to lash any other doers of evil—such was Luther!

To him, modern history owes its manifold splendors, more than to any one man.

To him we owe it that the intellectual heavens are free to every star.

To him we owe it that we can safely laugh at poor old Poppa's mummeries, and quackeries, and ante-deluvian miracles.

To him we owe it that the Pope is a joke.

To him we owe it that the Madonnas which wink, and the crucifixes that bleed, and the Januarius blood which bubbles, all belong to the same category as the Delphic oracles, the Hindoo juggler-tricks, and the Roman paganism which borrowed the heavenly twins, Castor and Pollux, to act as Bluchers, when Roman Wellingtons were hard pressed by unbelieving Napoleons.

Luther's eyes were brown!

(Kostlin's Luther, p. 559.)

This fact should give Mr. Brisbane "pause," for the Germans are a blue-eyed race.

Jesus Christ in his humanity, had the form and the features of a Jew. We must assume that the two human beings whom his mother called "your father and mother" were also typical Jews.

Therefore, unless they were freaks, Joseph and Mary both had black eyes.

We must also take it for granted that Solomon, David, Joshua, Moses and Abraham had the typical dark eyes of Israel.

And, look where we are going to! the Bible tells us, in effect, that Adam and Eve were Jews; and that all of us come together, away back there, in one, common black-eyed family!

This is certainly interesting in the highest degree.

Let me confess it right here, and have done with it:

Mr. Brisbane's eyes are gray:

So are mine!

Good night.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew

Second Part

HENRY WHITE in his Massacre of St. Bartholomew, says, referring to Catherine de Medici:

"Instead of waiting until the matin bell should ring out from the old clock-tower of the Palace of Justice, she directed the signal to be given from the near-by belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. As the harsh sound rang through the air of that warm summer night, it was caught up and echoed from tower to tower, rousing all Paris from their slumbers.

Immediately from that ancient city uprose a tumult as from hell. The clanging bells, the crashing doors, the musket shots, the rush of armed men, the shrieks of their victims, and high over all, the yells of the mob, fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves —made such an uproar that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled, and the sanest to appear to have lost their reason. Women unsexed, men wanting everything but the strength of the wild beast, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets where the rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches. They smelled the odor of blood, thirsting to indulge their passions for once with impunity, committed horrors that have become the marvel of history.

The houses in which the Huguenots lodged having been registered, were easily known. The soldier's burst into them, killing all they found, without regard to age or sex, and if any escaped to the roof, they were shot down like pigeons. Daylight served to facilitate a work that was too foul for even the blackest midnight. Restraint of every kind was thrown aside, and while the men were victims of bigoted fury, the women were exposed to violence unutterable.

As if the popular frenzy needed excitement, Marshal Tavannes, the military director of this deed of treachery, rode through the streets with dripping sword, shouting: "Kill! kill! blood-letting is as good in August as in May."

One would charitably hope that this was the language of excitement, and that in his calmer moods he would have repented of his share in the massacre. But he was consistent to the last. On his deathbed, he made a general confession of his sins, in which he did not mention the day of St. Bartholomew; and when his son expressed surprise at the omission, he observed: "I look upon that as a meritorious action, which ought to atone for all the sins of my life."

The massacre, commenced on Sunday, was continued through that and the two following days. Capilupi tells us, with wonderful simplicity, "that it was a holiday, and therefore the people could more conveniently find leisure to kill and plunder."

It is impossible to assign to each day its task of blood; in all but a few exceptional cases, we know merely that the victims perished in the general slaughter.

Writing in the midst of the carnage, probably not later than noon of the 24th, the papal nuncio, Saviati, says: "The whole city is in arms; the houses of the Huguenots have been forced with great loss of lives, and sacked by the populace with incredible avidity. Many a man tonight will have his horses and his carriage and will eat and drink off

plate who had never dreamt of it in his life before.

In order that matters may not go too far, and to prevent the revolting disorders occasioned by the insolence of the mob, a proclamation has just been issued, declaring that *there shall be three hours in the day during which it shall be unlawful to rob and kill;* and the order is observed, thought not universally.

You can see nothing in the streets but *white crosses* in the hats and caps of every one you meet, which has a fine effect."

The nuncio says nothing of the streets encumbered with heaps of naked, bleeding corpses, nothing of the cart-loads of bodies conveyed to the Seine, and then flung into the river, so that not only were all the waters in it turned to blood, but so many corpses grounded on the bank of the island of the Louvre, that the air became infected with the smell of corruption. The living, tied hand and foot, were thrown off the bridges. One man, —probably a rag-gatherer—brought two little children in his creel and tossed them into the water as carelessly as if they had been blind kittens.

An infant, as yet unable to walk, had a cord tied around its neck, and was dragged through the streets by a group of children nine or ten years old.

Another played with the beard and smiled on the face of the man who carried him, but the innocent caress exasperated instead of softening the ruffian, who stabbed the child, and with an oath, threw it into the Seine.

Among the earliest victims was the wife of the King's plumassier. The murderers broke into her house on the Notre Dame bridge, about four in the morning, stabbed her and flung her still breathing body into the river. She clung for some time to the wooden piles of the bridge, and was killed at last with stones, her body remaining for four days entangled by her long hair among the wood-work. The story goes that her husband's corpse being thrown over, fell against her's and set it free, both floating away together down the stream.

Madeline Briconnet widow of Theobald of Yverni, disguised herself as a woman of the people, so that she might save her life, but was betrayed by the fine petticoat which hung below her coarse gown. As she would not recant, she was allowed a few moments prayer, and then tossed into the water.

One woman was betrayed by her own daughter. Another, whose twenty-first pregnancy was approaching its term, was exposed to torture unutterable. Another pregnant woman was drowned, after she had been compelled to walk over the face of her husband. Another woman, in a similar state, was shot as she tried to escape by the roof of the house, and the immature fruit of her womb was dashed against the wall.

Frances Baillet, wife of the queen's gold-smith, after seeing her husband and her son murdered, leaped out of the window and broke both legs by falling into the court beneath. A neighbor had compassion on her, and hid her in his cellar; but being "less brave than tender-hearted," he was frightened by the threats of the assassins, and gave up the poor woman to them. The brutes dragged her through the streets by the hair, and in order to get easily at her gold bracelets, they chopped off both her hands, and left her all bleeding at the door of a cook-shop. The cook, annoyed by her groans, ran a spit into her body, and left it there. Some hours later, her mutilated remains were thrown into the river, and dogs gnawed the hands which had been left in the street.

In the list of victims we find the name of Gostine—a widow, and mother of two children. Her's had been a life of suffering, her husband,

father-in-law, and uncle had been hanged; one relative banished, another sent to the galleys, their goods confiscated, and their house levelled to the ground.

The houses on the bridge of Notre Dame, inhabited principally by Protestants, were witnesses to many a scene of cruelty. All the inmates of one house were massacred, except a little girl, who was dipped, stark naked, in the blood of her father and mother, and threatened to be served like them, if she turned Huguenot.

The Protestant book-sellers and printers were particularly sought after. Squire Niquet was burned over a slow fire, made out of his own books.

Mezeray writes that 700 or 800 had taken refuge in the prisons, hoping they would be safe "under the wings of justice;" but the officers selected for this work had them brought out into the fitly named "Valley of Misery," and there beat them to death with clubs and threw their bodies into the river. The Venetian embassador corroborates this story, adding that they were murdered in batches of ten. Where all were cruel, some distinguished themselves by especial ferocity. A gold-beater named Crozier, one of those prison murderers, bared his sinewy arm and boasted of having killed 4.000 persons with his own hands. Another man—for the sake of human nature we would fain hope him to be the same—affirmed that, unaided, he had "dispatched" 80 Huguenots in one day. He would eat his food with his hands dripping with gore, declaring "that it was an honor with him, *because it was the blood of heretics.*" On Tuesday, a butcher, Crozier's comrade, boasted to the King that he had killed 150 the night before. Coconnas, one of the mignons of Anjou, prided himself on having ransomed from the populace as many as *thirty Huguenots, for the pleasure of making them adjure, and then killing them with his own hand, after he had "secured them for hell."*

In the very height of the massacre, the rumor of a miracle revived the flagging zeal of the Parisians. In the ancient cemetery of the Innocents there stood a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in front of it a white-thorn bush which for four years had shown neither leaf nor flower. All of a sudden, on the morning of the massacre, it became covered with beautiful white blossoms, filling the air with their delicious perfume. It continued in bloom for a fortnight, and everybody went to see it.

The King and his Court proceeded thither in long procession. Sick persons were healed by merely looking at it; and the superstitious crowd, which included nearly every one in Paris, believed that it was "a sign from heaven of God's approval of the Catholic uprising and the Admiral's death."

All the city guilds and companies, all the ecclesiastical fraternities, marched out to the cemetery with much pomp and loud music, *killing the Huguenots they found in their road.*

The papal nuncio, Salviati, who had probably formed one of the royal processions, writes very incredulously to the Papal Secretary of State: "The people ran to see it with such eagerness, that should any of the priests who live in the convent dare say publicly that *it had blossomed some days before the event*, he would be stoned and flung into the river."

* * * * *

In the account from the Reville Matin des Francois, printed at Edinburgh 1574, I find two things mentioned which I am unwilling to omit. The first merely gives completeness to the picture by noticing the state of the

weather. "During these two days, Sunday and Monday, it was beautifully clear and calm at Paris." The other has reference to the prodigy of the flowering thorn, is there said: "On Monday (I have said Sunday) a hawthorn bush, quite out of season, was seen in blossom in the church yard of St. Innocent. No sooner was this reported than the people ran to see it from all parts, and the church-bells rang a merry peal. To prevent too much crowding, and the discovery of the pretended miracle which—as has since been known—*was the trick of a good old friar*, a guard had to be placed around the bush." (Note, in Marsh's Protestant Reformation in France, Vol. II., p. 375.)

* * * * *

A week after the masascre in Paris, the Huguenots of Lyons were taken one after another, "like sheep," says Capilupi, and shut up in prison. When the governor desired the executioner to put some of them to death, he replied: "I am not an assassin; I work only as justice commands me." But that did not save them. Three hundred soldiers were found ready to do the bloody work. Those confined in the archbishop's palace were first robbed, and then cut to pieces, children hanging round their parents' necks, brothers and sisters exhorting one another to suffer patiently in the cause of God. All who had been shut up in the Rouane, a public prison, were dragged to the bridge and then flung into the river. As night came on, the murderers, now joined the mob, threw off all restraint. "In the square of St. John," says D'Aubigne, "a pile of bodies was collected so vast and terrible as to exceed description." In this city alone, 4,000 persons, including the famous musician Goudimel, are estimated to have been killed; and yet Mandelot wrote to the King, regretting that a few had escaped, and begging for a share of the spoils. At Arles the river became so putrid from the corpses rolling down from Lyons, that the inhabitants were for several days unable to drink its water.

At Orleans the massacre had its peculiar features of atrocity. One La Bouilli invited his friend La Cour to supper, and stabbed him as he sat at the table. Taillebois, a professor of law, was murdered by his own pupils. Some of them went to his house and begged to see his library; and when he showed it to them, they began to ask him for some of his books, which he gave them. "This is not all," they said; "we intend to kill you." Falling on his knees he prayed a few minutes in silence and then exclaimed, "I am ready! slay me at once." This they would not do, but drove him into the street, where his courage failed at the sight of a poor shoe-maker who lay bleeding to death. Though scarcely able to walk, he was driven forward until he came in front of the Law Schools where he used to teach. There the murderers put an end to his long agony.

Nicholas Bongars lay at the point of death when some ruffians broke into his room. They respected the dying man, but murdered the apothecary who was attending upon him. The next day a man who had been in the habit of visiting Bongars, went to the house, and saluting his mother at the door, as she, like a good Catholic was going to mass, went up stairs, stabbed the sick man, wiped his dagger in the bed-clothes, and departed as he had come, without betraying the least emotion.

Of the victims, some were tossed into a ditch, and then left to be devoured by wolves and dogs; others were thrown into the Loire, which became so discolored that the Catholics refused to drink the water or to eat the fish caught in it. Of the fourteen hundred victims, one hundred and fifty were women.

The massacre at Bordeaux did not begin until the 3rd of October. The populace had been inflamed by the sermons of one Auger, a Jesuit; on Michaelmas Day he said from the pulpit: "Who executed the divine judgements at Paris? The angel of God. Who in Orleans? The angel of God. Who in a hundred cities of this realm? The angel of God. And who will execute them in Bordeaux? The angel of God, however man may try to resist him."

The slaughter was carried out by an organized band of ruffians wearing the "bonnet rouge," (red cap) which afterwards became so infamous in history. Many of the Huguenots found a safe refuge in the houses of certain priests and Catholic laymen, who were horrified at the barbarities they had witnessed. Others found a secure asylum in the castles of Ham and Trompette.

At Meaux, all the houses in the market-place were completely gutted, and many of their inhabitants killed. The next day, (August 26th,) the mob entered the prison, which was crammed with Huguenots to the number of two hundred and more. They were called out one by one into the yard, had their brains beaten out with the sledge hammers used by butchers to knock down their bullocks. Some were buried, still breathing, in a trench dug to receive them, and when this was filled the rest were thrown into the Marne.

The news of the massacre reached Troyes on the 26th of August, when the gates were immediately closed to prevent the frightened Huguenots from escaping. Many were taken to prison, but there was no general slaughter until the 4th of September, when one Belin, an apothecary, arrived from Paris with the King's orders of the 28th of August, forbidding the Protestants to be molested. This wretch persuaded the high bailiff and the council to murder the prisoners, and then issue the proclamation. The public executioner refused to lend himself to the foul plot. "It was his duty," he said, "to put to death only such as had been legally condemned." This did not save the prisoners, who were butchered by a drunken mob, and their blood flowing under the gate, filled the humane Catholics with horror.

The governor of Rouen hesitated to execute the orders he had received, and asked for fresh instructions. The answer being unfavorable, he locked up all the Protestants he could find, and on the 17th of September the city gates were shut, and military posts established in the squares. A band of assassins then went to the prisons, and killed with clubs and daggers about sixty Huguenots, according to a list they carried with them. They next searched the private houses, where the number of victims of both sexes amounted to more than six hundred.

The length of time through which the massacre was continued, is one evidence of the numbers that were slain. The nuncio, Salviati, wrote on the 15th of September: "Every night some tens of Huguenots, caught by day in various places, are thrown into the river without any disturbance." On the next day the Count of St. Pol, embassador from the Duke of Savoy, wrote: "They are continuing the great execution against these folks, who are thrown into the river by night;" and as late as the 26th, more than a month after the first outbreak, he reported: "They are daily putting Huguenots to death in Paris and elsewhere."

The registers of the Hotel de Ville supply us with a curious comment upon the massacre. On September 9th, fifteen livres tournois were paid to the sextons of the cemetery of St. Innocent and their eight helpers for burying the dead bodies round the convent of Nigeon (Bonshommes of Chaillot) "to prevent the spread of

infection." On the 23rd, twenty livres were paid to the same men for burying in one week 1,100 bodies found in the neighborhood of St. Cloud, Auteuil, and Chaillot. If we supose the payments proportionate to the numbers buried, those paid for on the ninth must have been nearly 1,500, thus giving for all Paris a *known* massacre of 2,600. The same rolls record the payment of one Nicholas Sergent, who had stopped the ferries and prevented the crossing of the Seine, (by the fugitive Huguenots), and also 80 livres for medals struck to commemorate the massacre, to be distributed among the municipal officers.

But the dead accounted for above could not have been all that perished; there is indeed direct evidence to the contrary. Many were buried in the city, as Oudin Petit in his cellar, and there is a tradition that 475 were interred near the Church of St. Gervaise, and that their's were the bones discovered in 1851.

In Alva's Bulletin we read that more than 3,500 were dispatched "in a short time," and that the principal gentlemen were flung into the Clerk's Well (Puis aux Clercs) where "dead animals were thrown." When Gomicourt, Alva's agent, had his farewell audience, he asked the queen-mother for her answer to his commission. She replied that she would give him no other answer than what Christ said to John's disciples: "Go and publish what thou hast seen and heard; the blind see, the lame walk, lepers are healed," bidding him also not to forget to tell the duke in addition, "Blessed is he who shall not be offended with me." Such blasphemous application of Holy Writ is perhaps unparalleled in history.

"The equity of history," says the eloquent historian of the Tudor line, "requires that men be tried by the standard of their times." But long as that standard was in the Court of Charles IX and Catherine de Medicis, there were men honest enough to condemn the crimes which have made the Feast of St. Bartholomew memorable in all history. Such a purely gratuitious massacre is unexampled in the annals of the world. The Greeks of Lesser Asia rose and slew 80,000 Romans living among them. In our own history we read that the Britons massacred whole settlements of the invading Danes. In the Sicilian Vespers 20,000 French were put to death without distinction of age or sex. But these massacres, however condemnable, were committed in the name of freedom—to drive out a foreign conqueror, to throw off the yoke of the invader.

When the news of the massacre reached Rome, the exultation among the clergy knew no bounds. The Cardinal of Lorraine rewarded the messenger with a thousand crowns; the cannon of St. Angelo thundered forth a joyous salute; the bells rang out from every steeple; bonfires turned night into day; and Gregory XIII, attended by the cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, went in long procession to the Church of St. Louis, where the Cardinal of Lorraine chanted a Te Deum. A pompous Latin inscription in gilt letters over the entrance described Charles as *an avenging angel sent from heaven* ("angelo percussore divinitus immisso") *to sweep his kingdom from heretics.*

A medal was struck to commemmorate the massacre, and in the Vatican may still be seen three frescoes by Vassari describing the attack upon the Admiral, the King in council plotting the massacre, and the massacre itself.

Gregory sent Charles the golden rose: and four months after the massacre, when humaner feelings

might have been supposed to have resumed their sway, he listened complacently to the sermon of a French priest, the learned but cankered Muretus, who spoke of "that day so full of happiness and joy when the most Holy Father received the news and went in solemn state to render thanks to God and St. Louis. * * * That night the stars shown with greater lustre, the Seine rolled her waters more proudly to cast into the sea the corpses of those unholy men;" and so on in a strain of rhapsody unendurable by modern ears.

(Henry White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew.")

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the bearing and the conduct of Charles IX, and the queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions incoherent and contradictory, all caused by a habit of lying and the desire of escaping from the peril of embarassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about midday, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining to the King "of the pillage, sack and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of his Majesty, as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the court, by noblemen, archers and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the said murder, pillage, and sedition arising," he said, "because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the Admiral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him."

He, the same day, addressed to the governors of the province a letter in which he invested the disturbances with the same character and gave the same explanation of it.

The Guises complained violently at being thus disavowed by the King, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered. Next day, August 25th, the King wrote to all his agents, at home and abroad, another letter, affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy which the Admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother and his brothers;" and, on the 25th of August, he went with his two brothers to hold in state a bed of justice, and to make to the Parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done, not only with his consent, but was enjoined upon the Court," says De Thou, "to cause investigations to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the laws and with justice."

The next day but one, August 28th, appeared a royal manifesto running: "The King willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and others whosoever of the religion styled reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done and were empowered to do by benefit of the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust, which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere, as is permitted by the aforesaid edicts of pacifi-

cation, has Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that, by the said lord and King, after having provided for the tranquility of his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that, on pain of confiscation of body and goods in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends; these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts of pacification and, in point of fact, annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed; the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance and at another notwithstanding the publically-given word of the King and the queen-mother; all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced among the Protestants two contrary effects: some grew frightened, others angry. At Court, under the direct influence of the King and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be," prevailed; many fled; others, without abjuring their religion, adjured their party. The two reformer-princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Conde', attended mass on the 29th of September, and on the 3rd of October wrote to the Pope deploring their errors and giving hope of their conversion. Far away from Paris in the mountains of the Pyrenness and Languedoc in the towns where the reformers were numerous and confident at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nimes, at La Rochelle, the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordanance for the government of the reformed Church, "until it please God, who has the heart of kings in His keeping, to change that of King Charles IX, and restore the State of France to good order, or raise up such a neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtues and by his distinguishing signs for to be the liberator of this poor afflicted people." In November, 1752, the fourth religious war broke out.

(Guizot, Vol. III., p. 304, and following.)

Before the bodies of their first victims were cold, Catherine and her advisers became aware of the great political blunder they had committed. That it was a crime, affected them little, if at all; but they had perpetrated an act of treachery which they would have to justify, not only in the eyes of France, but of the civilized world. Thousands shrank with horror from the deed and its perpetrators; and many even of those who applauded the end, could not vindicate the means. Catherine and her Italians—for Charles was now the merest puppet in their hands—hastily made up their minds to throw upon the Duke of Guise the blame of the attempt upon the Admiral's life, and the massacre as the result of a riot between the two parties, in which the Huguenots were the weakest. They also represented that the King himself was hardly safe in the Louvre. "I am here with my brother of Navarre and my cousin of Conde', ready to share the same fortune with them," wrote Charles. On the evening of the massacre a circular note was issued, ascribing all the mischief to "the private quarrel which had long existed between the houses of Lorraine and Chatillon," and which the King had vainly tried to arrange.

It went on to say that the Edict of Pacification must be observed as strictly as ever.

On the next day, Charles wrote to Schomberg, "bitterly deploring what had happened;" while to La Mothe-Fenelon he said that he was exceedingly vexed at the assault upon the Admiral and promised to investigate

the case and punish the offender. On the 24th he wrote that the Guises had begun the massacre, "because they had heard that Coligny's friends would retaliate for the attempt on his life; and that he had been compelled to employ guards to keep the Louvre safe;" and on the 27th he wrote again to the same effect, but with a significant variation in the phraseology.

But by this time the massacre had assumed such enormous proportions, that the Duke of Guise, refused to bear the odium of it alone. Besides, the excuse was such an acknowledgement of weakness, that in the eyes of the orthodox, it elevated the duke into the position of the true defender of the Church. The only way to remedy the blunder was for Charles to boldly assume the responsibility. Catherine dreaded Henry of Guise fully as much as she hated the Admiral. The new policy would indeed compel them to tell another lie; but lying carried with it no disgrace at the Court of France. On the 25th the King hinted something about a conspiracy to the Spanish ambassador; on the 26th all timidity and hesitation had disappeared.

In England a thrill of horror ran through the nation on receiving intelligence of the slaughter. A treaty had just been concluded with France, and negotiations were actively proceeding for the marriage of Alencon with Elizabeth. On a sudden it was perceived that the nation had been duped, and that popery was as dangerous as ever. For some days the Queen refused to receive the French embassador; at length he was summoned to Richmond where the Court was staying.

Hume thus described the scene: "A melancholy sorrow sat on every face; silence as the dead of night reigned through all the chambers of the royal apartment; the courtiers and the ladies, clad in deep mourning, were ranged on either side, and allowed the embassador to pass without offering him a salute or a favorable look, until he was admitted to the Queen herself." La Mothe-Fenelon candidly expressed his disapprobation of the murder, and declared that he was ashamed to be counted a Frenchman. Lord Burghley told him in most undiplomatic language, that "the Paris massacre was the most horrible crime which had been committed since the crucifixion of Christ. * * * It was a deed of unexampled infamy." Sir Thomas Smith wrote to Walsingham: "Grant the Admiral and his friends were guilty, what did the innoment men, women and children at Lyons? What did the suckling children and their mother's at Rouen, and Caen, and elsewhere? *Will God sleep?*"

But more plainly still spoke Knox to Du Croc ,the French embassador: "Go, tell your King," said the bold apostle of Scotland, "go tell your master, that God's vengeance shall remain an execration to posterity; and that sons proceeding from his loins shall not enjoy the kingdom in peace unless he repents."

In Germany the sense of horror was hardly less than in England. The Emperor Maximillian II. thus expressed his feelings on the matter: "As for that strange action so tyrannically committed upon the Admiral and his confederates, I can by no means approve it, and it is with great sorrow of heart I am informed that my son-in-law suffered himself to consent to so foul a massacre. Now, though I know that others govern more than he, yet that will not excuse the fact or palliate the villiany.* * * He has so stained his honor with this piece of work, that he will not easily wash out the spot. May God forgive those who had a hand in it; for I very much

apprehend that in course of time the same treatment will be returned for them. Matters of religion are not to be ordered or decided by the sword."

(White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew.")

In favor of the contention that the Massacre was provoked by a political conspiracy, there is no evidence, and no probability.

Coligny had not gathered the Protestant chiefs in Paris: the King did it.

Coligny made no effort to persuade the absentee Huguenots to come to the capital, and none to surround himself with troops upon whom he could rely.

Coligny was vainly warned of the premeditated Massacre: the King was not warned of any conspiracy.

Coligny refused to fly to safety, for the reason that his flight would be an act of hostility to the King, and a prelude to more civil war.

The King and his mother said never a word of any conspiracy when the crime was being organized and committed. That excuse was an after thought. Besides, such a conspiracy could not involve thousands of obscure individuals, nor the women and children. History furnishes no example of a political conspiracy punished in that way.

The slaughterers who did the bloody work said never a word about a political conspiracy. "Kill the Huguenots! Kill the heretics!" was the universal cry.

Life was offered to all who would cast off the hated religion.

The priests who animated the murderous mobs, said nothing about rebels, traitors, conspirators. Their fanatic zeal was aimed at Huguenots, at detestable heretics.

The miracle of the holy thorn bush was not fabricated and used against conspirators. That pious fraud was worked against those who rejected the pope. The thorn blossomed afresh "as watered by heretic blood."

The Pope did not rejoice because of the slaughter of rebels against the King of France. It was the death of rebels against the Pope, that Rome jubilated, and tedeummed—having medals struck, frescoes painted, and pictures exultantly hung—where they hang to this day.

The King, Charles IX., would have slain his own newly chosen brother-in-law, Henry of Navarre, had not that flexible, crafty prince promised to change his religion and become a Catholic.

At the time the King, in the palace, was offering life on these terms to a Protestant brother-king, the armed bands, in the streets, *were offering the same terms* to their Protestant fellow citizens.

"*Turn Catholic, and live! Remain Protestant, and die!*"

When Louis XIV. was urged on to the revocation of the Edict of Toleration, in order that all Frenchmen might be turned into papists, or corpses, there was no pretense of a political conspiracy.

Louis XIV., stronger than Catherine de Medici and Charles IX., was able to dispense with labored lies, and he did it. Louis, the Bourbon, proclaimed what Charles, the Valois, as fully meant—that there should be no heretics in *his* Kingdom.

Indeed, the era of Charles IX. had its own Most Catholic Majesty who could not endure that any of his subjects should differ from him in the matter of religion—Philip II., of Spain. He, also, was stronger on his throne than shackling Charles of Valois; and therefore when King Philip murdered *his* subjects by torture, by the sword, or by fire, because of their rejection of the pope, no concealment whatever was made of the reason. It added to his glory to be known as the killer of heretics, and all good papists revere his memory as that of a royal Saint.

History of the Popes and Papacy

(A Continuation of The History of the Papacy and the Popes)

AS related in the preceding chapter, the Emperor Constantius, having had Papa Liberius arrested and brought before him, found the bishop stubborn in the matter of the Athanasian creed, and therefore banished him to Berea, not so very far away from Constantinople. While the bishop was languishing in Thrace, the Papa whom the Arians had elevated, ruled at Rome as the true and orthodox bishop. But after the Roman ladies had interceded with the Emperor in behalf of Liberius, and that Athanasian bishop had renounced his creed, he was restored, but was ordered by the Emperor to divide the government of the church with Felix, the Arian pope. (At that time, *all* Roman bishops were called "popes," as they are to this day in the Greek Catholic church.)

The bishops who were holding the council of Sirmium wrote to the clergy of Rome to receive Liberius dutifully, inasmuch as he had repented him of his errors and had taken an oath to live in peace with Felix.

Liberius was accordingly welcomed to Rome with every demonstration of brotherly love; but no sooner did he feel himself secure in his seat than he began to make Felix rue the day that gave him birth. In other words, there was not room enough in Rome for two bishops. They were devout Christians, both: they had been born again, each having received a new heart; each of them was as a child in purity, for of such is the kingdom of heaven: nevertheless, Rome was not large enough to hold both of them at the same time. One must go. As to which of the two would vacate, there was disagreement, and strife. Each had his followers who were ready to resort to carnal persuasion, when the voice of reason could no longer make itself heard.

Not long after the dispute arose, the voice of reason was unheard, and carnal weapons were called into action. Many stout blows were dealt by many stout Christians, said blows landing upon other Christians. Blood flowed freely—Christians' gore shed by wrathful Christians, who were thus endeavoring to bring other Christians to listen to reason. After the friends of Felix had satisfied themselves that they were no match for the friends of Liberius, either in argument or in street-fighting, Felix left Rome, one of his main reasons for flight being that he valued his life higher than his bishopric.

After awhile, he began to hold religious exercises in a church beyond the Tiber, where his worship of God in no way interfered with Liberius. But the presence of Felix was not to be tolerated, at all, and he was again driven away. He withdrew to a little farm which he owned, and there spent the remainder of his life, some eight years.

Now, it can readily be seen that a case like this puzzles even a Jesuitical casuist.

What was Felix? What is his status? How must he be regarded by pontifical chroniclers?

He was elected to the papal see, he reigned two years, he was never deposed, there are no charges against him, he is admitted to have ruled according to the Nicene creed, the Emperor expressly commanded Liberius to share the government with him: yet Liberius drove him into exile and deprived him of all connection with the papal office!

No wonder the case puzzles even the casuists.

It was during the pontificate of Liberius—if *he* was the pope—or during that of Felix, if *he* was the pope, that St. Anthony flourished. This monk was an ignorant man, so far as the learning of books is concerned; but his piety, his severe self-discipline, his rigid exclusion from his life of all the pleasures of the flesh have given him a reputation which, after extending to all parts of the Christian world of his own times, has outlived the centuries and come down to us unimpaired.

Whether God is particularly honored and gratified by the morbidity of the anchorite, may be a subject of fair debate.

Is it necessary to the soul's eternal salvation that the body be mortified, the natural appetities starved, the yearnings for human affection and companionship stifled?

To become peculiarly aceptable to Heaven, must one become peculiarly repulsive to mankind?

Is solitude holier than sociability? Is God nearer to the hermit's cave, than to the cottage where the fire brightens the hearth, and the wife and children mirror the love of the husband and father?

Is parched corn, mouldy bread, bitter herbs and stagnant water a better regimen for soul, mind and body than the comfortable cheer of the honest board?

Is heavenly contemplation, and holy sloth and dirt, more conducive to the glory of God than the active work, the responsibilities, and the reciprocal relations of healthy, normal life?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, indeed, I am—and he is mine! Every humane prompting, every yearning for sympathy, the pang that you suffer when others bleed, the tears that you shed when others weep, the gladness you feel when you make others happy, the joy they show when they make *you* happy—all these are nature's eternal answer to the eternal question—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

The anchorite is a man-hater and woman hater who crawls off into a hole, covers himself with a mantle of gloom and misanthropy, shirks all the duties of life, creates a luxury of isolation, shuts out love and light and life, and fancies himself the most angelic of persons.

Such a man was St. Anthony. He lives in the artistic dreams of painters and book-makers. He squats in his cell, his legendary and immortal hole in the ground, like some imperishable, never dying toad. He is pictured as a man whom lovely women surround, and whom they seek to inflame by nude display of their voluptuous charms, and by the intoxicating scent of the abundant hair which, falling along their snowy bosoms, touch his bowed head and quivering shoulders. These unclothed and ravishing women woo the Saint with syren music, with amorous sighs—and would fire him with their Venus eyes, if he would only look.

But the Saint will not look: he never lifts his head; he deafens his ears to the seductive voices; he may burn, but he will not blaze: he may feel the Devil tingle in his veins, but he will not rise and let the hot blood run its race.

"Get thee behind me Satan!" cries the inflexible Saint, and the Syrens, laden with their flowers and their fruits and their wine and their song, vanish into "thin air;" and the Saint is left alone, in all his glory, all his dirt, all his gloomy isolation.

In his own day, the Saint was much imitated, and thousands of Eastern caves had their hermit monks. If St. Anthony had lived like Methusaleh, for 969 years, he would have learned that monks can enjoy all the advantages of sainthood, without having to eschew wine, women and song. The St. Anthonys of a later day, were not

under the necessity of seeking solitudes and caves and herbs and parched corn and stale water. The St. Anthonys of a later day were of the tribe of Dives, sumptuously lodged and feasted, and they were connoisseurs both of wine and of women—as they are even unto *this* day.

After the death of Liberius, there was a violent struggle over the succession. The position of bishop had become so desirable that it excited the most eager candidacies.

As one Catholic author states it, "When I consider the splendor of Rome, I comprehend that those who want the office of bishop of that city, would use all their efforts to obtain it; it produces for them great dignity, *rich presents, and the favor of the ladies*, it gives them splendid equippages, magnificent garments, and *a table so choice that it surpasses those of kings.*"

Evidently, the bishopric of Rome was a glittering prize, to be fiercely contended for, among the ambitious.

One of the factions in the church elected Damasus; another chose Ursin: these factions straightway came to blows. The rival bishops gallantly led their armed bands, and the battle was bloody. Incendiarism added to the horrors of the strife.

One faction intrenched itself in the church of Julius, where they were beseiged by the other. The doors of the sacred building were forced, and a cruel massacre began in which women, children and old men were pitilessly butchered. The church was set on fire, and next day 137 bodies were found in the ruins—the Christians had been suffocated or burned to death by their fellow Christians.

In vain the imperial officers of the law tried to quell the tumult: they were forced to retreat, and to allow the Christians to fight it out, among themselves.

In one of the several battles between the factions, Damasus, wearing his tiara on his head, and bearing arms in his hands, invaded a church where the followers of Ursin had assembled to worship, and fell upon the congregation with the utmost fury. The Ursinites resisted the attack, and the fight in the temple was long and sanguinary.

Damasus was never able to entirely suppress Ursin; and, in consequence, the Christians were divided in allegiance, a minority clinging to Ursin throughout the 18 years that Damasus, sword in hand and blood on his hands, acted as Vice-gerent of the Prince of Peace.

Besides being a man of carnage, Damasus was a man of lust and pride, having an incorrible hankering for fleshpots, and for handsome ladies of obliging dispositions.

Even popes, however, cannot live always; and Damasus at length shuffled off, in the month of December, of the year of our Lord, 384.

"In order to understand the morals of the clergy, of this period, it is important that we should make mention of a law which was passed by the Emperors Valentinian, Valens, and Gratian, towards the end of the year 370. It prohibited ecclesiastics and monks from entering the houses of widows, or of single women living alone, or who had lost their parents. In case of a breach of it, it permitted relatives or connections to summon the culpable priest before the tribunals. It also prohibited ecclesiastics, under penalty of confiscation, from receiving by donation or testament, the property of their penitents, unless they were the legitimate heirs. This law was read every Sunday in all the churches of Rome. It is supposed that the pope himself had asked for its passage, in order to repress, by aid of the secular arm, the avarice of many priests who seduced the Roman dames in order to enrich themselves with their spoils.

The avarice of the ecclesiastics had led them to frightful corruptions; they surpassed the most skilful in the art of extorting property, and their prudence was so marvellous, that none dared bring them before the tribunals.

St. Jerome openly condemned this law against the avarice of the priests, which fixed a mark of infamy on the clergy. Still it appeared to him just and necessary. "What a disgrace," he exclaimed, "to see pagan ministers, jugglers, play-actors, hackney coachmen, depraved females, inherit without obstacles, whilst the clergy and monks are alone prohibited from acquiring inheritances. This prohibition is made, not by pagan princes, nor by the persetcutors of Christianity, but by Christian emperors! I dare not complain of the law, for my soul is deeply afflicted in being obliged to confess that we have merited it, and that religion, lost through the insatiable avarice of our priests, has forced our princes to apply a remedy so violent."

The disorders of the clergy were not, however, arrested by this law. The Emperors were constrained to make a new one, by which widows were prohibited from parting with their jewels or rich furniture, under pretence of religion. They ordered that they should leave them to their children, and that no one, when dying, should name as his heir, the priest, the poor, or the churches.

(From History of the Popes of Rome, Louis Marie de Cormenin. Vol. I, pages 63-64.)

Intuition

John Joseph Scott

I gazed with sadness towards the West,
In sorrow crowned—
Clear from the heavens brightest crest
There came a sound.

And then I looked into the East,
Away from ill,
Above the din of every beast
I heard it still.

The golden portals of the South,
I peered in then,
And heard from out the Spring's young mouth
The cry again.

Unto the frowsy North so gray,
I turned anon,
And from the wizened trees a lay
Came ever on.

I know the gladness of your soul—
Your heart throbs tell—
That you have reached the greatest goal
And all is well.

Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, Ohio

Orman T. Headley

A WRITER was once regarded as only a respectable pauper. Homer made most excellent verse, but, as tradition goes, was left to starve upon the streets. Early English writers, regarded mostly as incompetents, were usually given a small pension for support; and their early histories read like tales of woe until, recognized by the King, pecuniary aid was settled upon them. Of course, it was usually by the route of some nominal office, whose duties were more imaginary than real. In other words, dreamers and poets were of some unworldly kind, like Simeon Stylites, and but for somebody's pity, would have been left to starve.

Perhaps this was due in part to the philosophy of early writers themselves, who regarded cutting beefsteak, or hoeing in the garden, as being below their standard of thought existence. Some such ideas as these led the soap-making father of Benjamin Franklin to discourage Benny's use of his talent at verse-making, remarking to him that verse-makers made less money than soap-makers; and that, even in old literary Boston. Perhaps that was in a day when, though the poem was not much appreciated, the Bostonese were learning the value of bathtub ingredients. Today they tell us the bathtub is an important principle of Christianity.

President Wilson seems to be sending all these writing folk abroad as Ambassadors. Perhaps that is the old idea of bestowing a pension, reincarnated. Or, perhaps, he thinks they need a vacation, with a stipend attached. Or, conjecturing still, perhaps, he regards these writing folk as most apt in writing biographies. And, after all, isn't a man pretty wise in getting on the good side of these writer bipeds? If our lives don't amount to much, if only we can be successful in choosing our biographer, all ends well.

Perhaps even now we have more regard for some of the old Kings, than we otherwise might have had, but for their forethought in bestowing a pension upon some straggling writer, for who can blame a man for wanting to be thought well of after he is gone?

All this was said by way of remarking what a change had come with respect to writers in these modern tlmes. Today, they are our leaders, and some of them are becoming our aristocrats, in thought, at least, if not in purse. Say what we will about them, it is they who are giving us our standards, our political ideals of today. A list of their names is all that is needed to remind us. Judge Lindsey, Hellen Keller, Jane Addams, William Marion Reedy, Lincoln Steffens, Newton D. Baker, Charles Edward Russell, Mayor Brand Whitlock. What a bunch of writers! How any magazine would make a hit, if it could secure a contribution from each of these writers, and make it appear all in one issue! Those who have special interests, and special privileges to conserve call them muckrakers; others poke fun at them, calling them penn-a-liners, etc., but it is they who are calling us to the standards of Abraham Lincoln; it is they who are trying to democratize the Democratic party.

No, fortunately, it is not our politicians, who have organized our progressive movement in politics. It is our political writers, who have been the voice in the wilderness crying repent and be baptized—or at least to repent.

It is they who have revolutionized and reorganized our American House of Lords, the United States Senate. It was they who overthrew Cannonism, and who gave us the election of United States Senators by direct popular vote. It is they who have given us our political ideals of today.

A few years ago Tom L. Johnson was stirring every corrupt capitalist in the Central West by his radical views of reform, and time over again was he "scandalized" by the corrupt press; and though they would down him occasionally, yet he, like truth would rise again, and ere they knew it, he would be riding them bug-hunting, and such other like menial trips. They never downed Tom L. Johnson until, breaking under his load, they placed him under the sod, and ere they placed him there, he had succeeded in cleaning up the city government of Cleveland, Ohio. What Tom L. Johnson had done for Cleveland, Golden Rule Jones had done for Toledo. But, too, Golden Rule Jones lay down and died, as men will, you know. But Tom L. Johnson and Golden Rule Jones did not die until they had firmly established a new school of statesmanship for the Central West. Johnson was mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, and Jones was mayor of Toledo. They, neither one, were writers.

Today Newton D. Baker is mayor of Cleveland and Brand Whitlock, writer, novelist, poet, philosopher, all combined, is mayor of Toledo. Both present mayors, Baker and Whitlock are writers. They both went to the Johnson-Jones school of statesmanship. They both preach the Johnson-Jones political philosophy. Mayor Hunt, of Cincinnati, went to the same school of statesmanship, then fought and whipped Boss Cox of Cincinnati, and now has him near penitentiary doors. Yet, Boss Cox was coming to be a national power to be reckoned with, next to Tammany. Even Presidents have dealt with him. But the Johnson-Jones type of statesmanship as applied by Hunt seasoned Boss Cox.

It goes now without saying that Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati are the best ruled cities of America. Baker, Hunt and Brand Whitlock are the mayors, and each of them are now national figures, and either of them is fit to be president of these United States, all because they rule cities, and do it well. All are of that new school of statesmanship founded by Tom L. Johnson and Golden Rule Jones.

Mayor Brand Whitlock writes poems, novels, and good-natured and wise philosophy, and doesn't have to be pensioned either, or patronized by being sent abroad as Ambassador.

He rules Toledo, does it well, and at the same time preaches the new political philosophy, and best of all, unlike most of us who preach, he has a hearing. He is now writing "Forty Years of It," in the American Magazine, and it is a most readable biography, besides containing all kinds of clever philosophy. His books are on the shelves of all good Public Libraries, as they are in all good home libraries, and his "Life of Abraham Lincoln" is the best life of Lincoln I have yet read.

I speak of Brand Whitlock, because he represents a type, a new school, not alone of writers, but also of statesmanship, and that most difficult type of statesmanship which is required to rule a city well. The new type of writer, because he represents that type that doesn't have to be patronized in any measure. He preaches a philosophy, he writes of it, and does what most of us do not do, he practices it. And for putting this philosophy in practice the people pay him good money, because in so doing he renders a needful service.

This is the new type of man that is preaching anew Lincoln's doctrine of

"Rule of the people, by and for the people;" the type of man that is making the Democratic party democratic, and the Republican party progressive. Curses and blessings in abundance have been heaped upon their heads; curses because what they teach is a mania that is catching, and eventually means the liberation of all the great cities from all the great bosses in America. Their advent means a rule of the people.

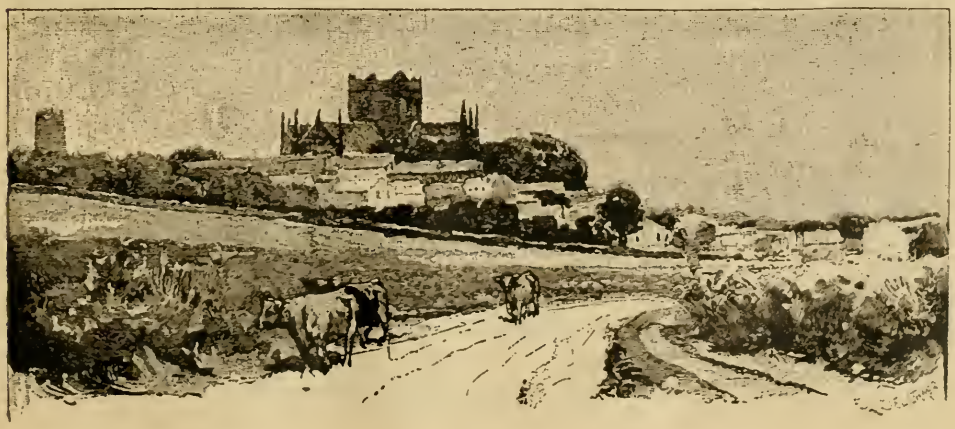
All hail to the new type of political writers, who are injecting a bit of real liberty and modern freedom into our body politic; and among such as these Brand Whitlock is a leader.

He is that new type of man who dreams, and then works to make the dream real. Once the dreamer stopped at dreaming. The work of realizing the dream was left to others. This new type combines action with speculation.

One of the most grievous complaints in Toledo of Whitlock, is that he dares to practice Christianity, somewhat as Christ preached it, and not as the present Toledo preachers have revised it. But we need not be especially alarmed about this, when we remember Leon F. Tolstoy was banished from polite society for much the same reasons. Brand Whitlock does not dope the criminal class of Toledo with sufficient denunciation to suit the preachers. He even seeks to understand their motives, to sympathize with them, to help them, and as chief executive to give them another chance in life, and for this the Christian church can find no way to forgive him. According to the preachers the world is divided into the sheep and the goats, and their theory is that the goats ought always to wear stripes. This perhaps could be tolerated if they were not disposed to call all those found at church the sheep. For taking the side of the goats Brand Whitlock is anathema. Surely the Christian church would come to naught, and civilization, itself, perish under such a ruler, it was claimed, and the criminal class would be on top; but now there is said to be less crime than ever before in Toledo, after he has been mayor several years, and it is mainly because these heretofore troublesome classes now feel they have a friend in the mayor.

"I do not condemn thee; go sin no more," seems to be his verdict, and it works.

Who can say what it means if the philosophy of this new type of men becomes general in our American republic? It surely will be a revolution, and altogether for our well being.



A Short Lesson in Foreign Missions

I.

Q. *Do you see the big boat?*

A. Yes, we see the big boat.

Q. Who owns the big boat?

A. The foreign missionaries own the big boat.

Q. Where is the big boat?

A. The big boat is on the Congo River.

Q. Where is the Congo River?

A. The Congo River, when last heard from, was in Africa.

Q. What is the big boat doing on the Congo River?

A. The big boat is furnishing a dwelling place, as well as transportation, to the foreign missionuaries.

Q. Who bought the big boat?

A. The Mission Board bought the big boat.

Q. Where did the Mission Board get the money to buy the big boat?

A. The Mission Board got the money to buy the big boat from well-meaning American lunatics.

II.

Q. Do you see the four young men?

A. We see the four young men.

Q. Did you ever see four young men who looked more cheerful?

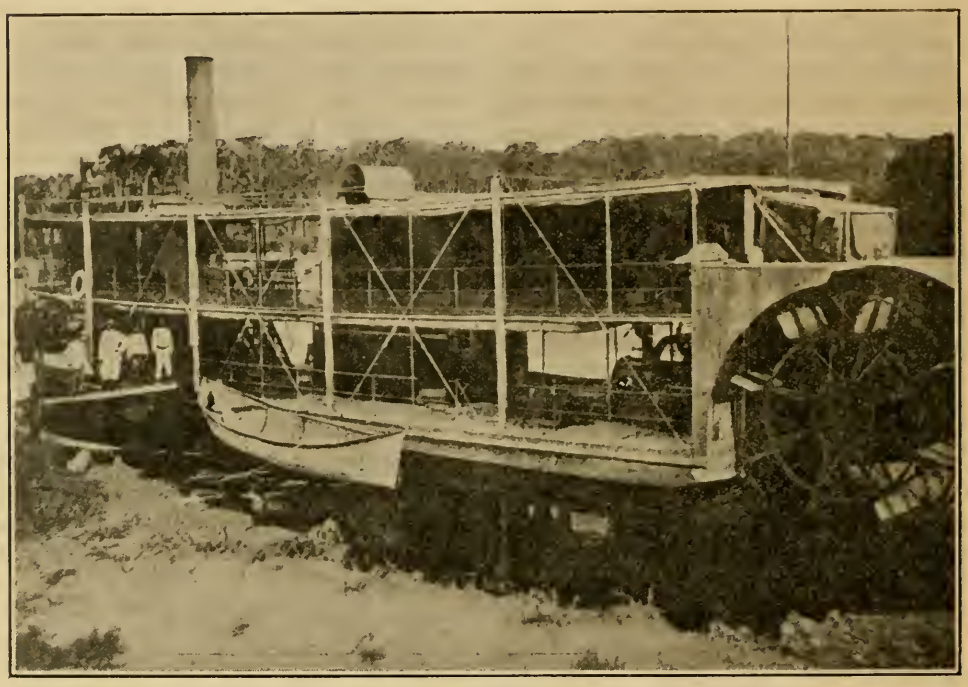
A. We never did see four young men who looked more cheerful.

Q. Who are those four young men?

A. Those four young men are the foreign missionaries who have charge of that big boat on the Congo River.

Q. What are those four young men supposed to be doing with the big boat on the Congo River?

A. Those young men are supposed



THIS IS THE BIG BOAT

to be using the big boat to help them save the souls of the poor heathen negroes, who sit in darkness, up and down the Congo River.

Q. Have those four young men saved any of the souls of the heathen negroes who sit in darkness, up and down the Congo River?

THESE ARE THE FOUR YOUNG MEN MISSIONARIES

A. Those four young men have not yet saved any of the souls of the heathen negroes who sit in darkness, up and down the Congo River.

III.

Q. Why are those four young men wearing such nice cork hats and such cheerful smiles?

A. Those four young men are wearing cork hats and cheerful smiles because they can afford to do it.

Q. Why can those four young men afford to wear such nice cork hats and such cheerful smiles—away off there in Africa, far from home and loved ones?

A. Those four young men can afford the cork hats because they are paid corking salaries by our Mission Boards, who also draw corking salaries; and the four young men can afford the cheerful smiles, because they have nothing much to do, and are paid well for doing it.

Q. Do you know of any four young men who would NOT smile, under the same cheerful circumstances?

A. We do not know of any four young men who would not smile, under similar cheerful circumstances.

Q. Why do the Mission Boards continue to buy and maintain big boats, and to pay corking salaries to missionaries who spend much of their time hunting big game, and fishing for big fish in Africa, along the raging Congo?

A. Because, otherwise there would be no reason for the existence of the Boards, nor for the corking salaries drawn by the Boards from the well-meaning congregations that put up the money for the Boards, the cheerful young men, and the expensive big boats.

The Famous "Battle Above the Clouds," As Told By One Who Witnessed It

Horace Hicks

ON the 24th of November, 1863, the battle of Lookout Mountain was fought, resulting in General Braxton Bragg losing the position. Some of the histories speak of that fight as the battle above the clouds. I viewed the battle from a position in the valley at a distance of a mile, or a mile and a half east, or perhaps a little south-east of where the fight occurred. I could see everything very clearly for such a distance and there was no cloud intervening to obstruct the vision. It is possible that a light breeze might have been blowing to the north, and that might have settled the smoke in that direction so as to obscure the view from Chattanooga, and along the banks of the Tennessee river, causing it to appear as an intervening cloud. That is very possible, as the smoke of the battle did not interfere with our seeing what was doing on.

The 47th Regiment Ga. Volunteers, to which I belonged, left the position it occupied and marched down the valley the latter part of the night, reaching McPharlan's Gap about daylight. As soon as a halt was called the boys began to kindle fires for the purpose of cooking or warming up something to eat. Before we could get through with our little repast, an aide appeared at the rear of the line and called to the men to get into line. Col. Edwards, the commander of the regiment, was at the head and was refreshing himself, with some breakfast, or preparing to do so, when he saw the commotion and, in a voice almost sorrowful, called to know what it meant. Soon, realizing the meaning of it all, he was ready for the move and leading the way filed to the left and took a blind pathway leading in a northerly direction. After following this trail for perhaps two hours we found ourselves on top of Missionary Ridge. A halt was then called and in a very short time a number of us were stretched on the ground asleep, all being tired almost to exhaustion.

I do not know how long I had slept, but I awoke having a strange, uncomfortable feeling about me, without knowing what was the matter. The next thing I knew a field-piece was turned loose in the valley to the west of us, and a bomb-shell came screeching through the air about forty feet above us. In about a minute another came over us, ranging a little lower, and this was repeated again and again, each time the dreadful missile coming nearer the ground, until they were passing not more than eight or ten feet above us, and they seemed verily to curve with the shape of the mountain as they came up and passed over us. Our position was growing very uncomfortable, when orders came for us to move on up the Ridge to the north. We moved on for some time—formed a line facing toward the valley—then moved again. Going on further north we came to the line of battle that had been formed by troops that had come from other directions, but we continued our course towards the north, passing to the rear of the line of battle.

I suppose it was 12 o'clock, or about that time, when very heavy firing was heard way up towards the north of the mountain. We had arrived by this time at a battery of four field pieces, I think that was the number, and they were sending shells thick and fast into the valley just north of the position. I think the mountain crooked at that

point and veered back considerably to the east. The 47th was there placed on the line in front of the battery. The line had been previously occupied and the occupants had cut and piled a line of logs—such as usually were used as foundations for breastworks. General Cleburn occupied the right of the line at the north of the Ridge, and it was on him that the first attack was made. He utterly defeated his assailants and they retreated pell mell through the valley towards Chattanooga. This battery was dropping shells over these demoralized, fleeing soldiers. When we got our position in line we could see them plainly. We also could see that every elevated spot in the valley further on towards the city was covered with people, who were evidently there for the purpose of witnessing the battle. Our position at this time crossed the front of the battery perhaps thirty feet from it. The rapid firing made it exceedingly unpleasant for us as we lay close to the earth behind the string of logs.

Some of the boys, looking over the logs down the side of the mountain, saw the enemy coming. It was steep and they were having a hard time making their way up. The guns then turned and began to belch away at the approaching line. They lowered their pieces trying to strike the on-coming line and that made our position so dangerous that the 47th was ordered to the rear of the battery, a distance of thirty yards. There we stood and awaited further developments. I had occasion to step to the rear eight or ten steps, and just then I heard some musketry and much hollowing down the line to the left of us. It seemed as the mixing of many voices. Turning in that direction I saw two lines of battle facing each other not more than eight steps apart. One would give way a few steps then rally and press the other back. I had never before seen such a sight and it was so strange that I became dazed and did not realize what it meant. Just then I saw a civilian a little further to the rear standing and looking calmly at the contest through a binocular. Just then the 47th was called to line up, and I rushed back to my place. I knew then "the tug of war" was upon us.

There was some confusion and Col. Edwards, with drawn sword ran up and down the line, giving orders in animated tones and soon every one being at his place the "Forward" command was given and we moved back towards the position we had but recently left. The depression in front of the battery was so great that neither grape-shot nor bombs could reach the advancing line, and when it reached the line of logs, the gunners spiked their guns and fled. Our line moved up to within a few steps of the guns and stopped.

Just as it began to flag John H. George, a boy about my size and age, jumped forward and placed his gun against a tree as if to take rest to shoot, but his gun fell from his hand and he fell across it dead. Just to my left I saw a bunch of Yankees dodging behind the wheel of the caisson. I raised my gun to shoot them but it only snapped. I tried again and again, but it would snap every time. I threw it down and drew the gun from under my dead comrade, and it was the same snap. By this time Frank Sinquefield, who had reached the camp the day before from a trip home, was killed. I took up his gun, which had not been shot and it was the same snap, snap, snap. By this time I had begun to think my situation was indeed desperate, my comrades being shot down on each side and in arm's reach, while I could only stand and snap my musket. Vexed almost to exasperation, I threw that one away and picked up my own gun again and it fired the first snap. After the second fire I found it almost impossible to ram down a cartridge, it

taking me at least a minute to drive it down with a heavy headed steel ramrod. The cover of the cartridge was a tough thick paper, three buckshot were placed at the bottom, a round bullet on them and the powder on that, then the paper doubled over. In loading the paper was straightened up and bitten off and the powder poured into the gun, the balance of the paper was doubled down over the bullet, then the cartridge was reversed and rammed down the gun. That placed the bullet next to the powder and the buckshot on the top of the load. Every time I had to load my gun it was harder to do, and the idea of standing and ramming for a minute to be ready to fire while my comrades were being killed on every side by a line of battle twenty yards off was a trying time.

As soon as the fight opened several holes were shot through our flag. A minnie ball crashed through the flagstaff ten inches below the flag, then the color-bearer was shot down, falling across a fire that had been built to warm by in the cool of the morning—those next to him had to pull him out. One of our company was about fifty years old; his name was Belcher. When the fight opened he dropped to his knees and began to snap at the Yankee line, but his gun would not fire. When his gun would snap he would look around and say, "Shoot 'em boys! shoot 'em! my gun won't fire." He had sixty caps, and when it was over there were only four left. About the time I was starting to put down the sixth load, I cast my eye up and down the line each way, and behold all were gone except Belcher and four others of my company. We signaled each other and left hurriedly. How I did dread that! I was so much afraid a bullet would take me in the back that I reckon I would have "trembled" if I had had time. Going two hundred yards down the side of the mountain I found some soldiers scattered about through bushes. I noticed some were firing back towards the Yankee line. I stopped and thought I would do so too, but just then I saw a man lying by a stump, and going to him, found he had received a bullet in the back of his head from which his brains were oozing. I thought he had been killed by some of our own men who were doing this random shooting, so I went on without doing any shooting of that sort.

By night six of my company had come together and we all slept together by a rail fire about half a mile from Chickamaugee Station. Lieutenant Beall, who was in command of our company was one of the six. He had been hit by a piece of a bomb-shell the size of a man's hand. It was almost spent and did not hurt him more than to bruise his breast and break one of his fingers. He was sick next morning and was just able to get on the last train that left the station. The command was badly scattered and it was several days before all were together again.

It was understood at the time of the battle that we lost the day by Deas' brigade giving way as soon as it was attacked; that opened the line for a flank movement. The 47th Ga. was part of a reserve force. We filled a gap in the line. I never did know what commands were to our right or left. I think it was an Alabama brigade to our left, but I do not know who commanded it. The fight was over and the day was lost. That much I was sure of. Why the Alabama regiment should have allowed the enemy to get on top of the mountain as they did, has always been a mystery to me, but they did, and when I witnessed the contest described above, both lines were in good order. If our Colonel could have known the true situation and had charged with fixed bayonets, we certainly would have driven our adversaries headlong down the mountain. But

that would not have saved the day. Our guns had been loaded a month, it was rainy, bad weather, and we were all the time exposed—were without tents. We all knew they should have been fired off and cleaned up, but it was not done, hence the trouble we had when the fight opened. When Cleburn's division defeated the attacking party, a U. S. flag was captured. It was a very long flag and the staff was shot off, only about two feet being left. Just as we got our position at the battery, General Hardee and his staff, a courier in the rear holding the captured flag to the breeze, came down the line in a sweeping gallop. I suppose they only went to the left end of Hardee's corps, as they returned and went in the direction from which they had come in a very short time. Hardee was the only general I saw during the day. General Bragg was soon relieved from the command of the army of Tennessee, and I think nearly all the men were glad of it.

Modernism

Ralph M. Thomson

Seekers of souls, why will you whine,
And strive to sink the earth in gloom?
Prophets of Him, pray by what sign
Do you predict the nation's doom?
What cares the Lord for cult or creed?
Can you not see why people shrink?
This is an age from bondage freed,
When human beings dare to think!

Searchers for hearts that seem astray,
Why will you wail in anguish so?
Teachers of hope, to point His way,
Who are the skeptics leagued with woe?
Him whom you serve is wise and kind!
What do you fear that Truth shall give?
When mortals gain in strength of mind,
Then will the world commence to live!

Mourners of lots that may not be,
Whose are the spirits that oppress?
Counselors of humanity,
Where is the faith that you profess?
Why are you blind to freedom's might?
Lift up your eyes above the sod!
As men and women view the Light,
The closer shall they walk with God!

Children and Books

Alice Louise Lytle

IT is one of the peculiarities of life that we will accept a theory as a fact, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether it is only a theory—and not a fact. For many years we have complained, and heard others complain of "the change in the attitude of the childish mind," and few of us have tried to learn whether there had really been any change.

From the days of Louisa Alcott, and her army of angelic boys and girls (for they were angelic, for the most part), we strode on to a heartier and bloodier literature, under the general caption of "Dime Novels," and if there is a middle-aged man of today who has not thrilled and writhed at the masterly manner in which Dare Devil Dick, the Terror of the Rockies made the Hated Red Skin Bite the Dust—then that man wasn't getting all he was entitled to, in the days of his youth. The change which came in children's literature, may have been dated from these gory days, after many young hopefuls had robbed the pantry and the kitchen closets of eatables and bread knives to "go West and kill Injuns." At any rate, the lurid-backed dime novels, and their close relatives, the nickel ones, soon fell into disfavor, and were read seldom, even behind barns and in the loft and the attic.

It is a question open for deep discussion, whether the next school of literature prepared for the childish mind, was as good and healthy for it as the Dare Devil Dick school; as between the more ancient Lucy and Rollo books, beloved of our fathers and mothers, and the Little Lord Fauntleroy of the later period, the healthy minded boy and girl would find it a hard matter to choose. Of all ages, we have been made familiar with the very good little boy who gave his apple and his penny to the blind and the hungry, and of the angelic little girl who always had curly hair and whose virtues were of the same plaster-of-paris cast as the little boy; and to our sorrow, they always died young—which may be one reason why so few of us emulated them.

At any rate, a new school of books came in, and they were patterned more along the lines of the best sellers which the adults were entertaining themselves with, and which concerned mostly the poor boy raised on the farm, who got up by candlelight and milked the cows, fed the pigs, did all the chores and suffered a general martyrdom, all to "get an education," which a skinflinty father or uncle invariably deprived him of. But Our Hero always got it, and then went to the City, where he made money—gobs and gobs of it, and came back just in time to keep the Mortgage from turning out the flinty hearted parent or uncle—and everyone lived happily for ever after.

The girls' books were patterned after the same general plan: poor girl goes to big city school, or to college, and her money is just enough to pay for the coveted education. She suffers all sorts of privations; never gets an invitation to the marshmallow toast parties, nor is she asked to dance at the other parties, but what she does at exams, fills all the other girls with envy, and the teachers with joy. Of course she graduates in glory, grabs off all the honors, prizes, scholarships, and then marries the Professor in Greek, or something equally lofty—and her happiness is left for us to take as an assured fact.

These were the favorite themes on which the writers for young people played, and as few of those writers had a very intimate knowledge of young people, and most of them had left their own youth too far behind to remember what they liked, when they were young, we took it for granted that "the change in the attitude of the childish mind" had really occurred, and few of the writers took the trouble to investigate for themselves.

As I write, I have before me some books which have just come from the presses of some of the leading book publishers. Here are the names of a few of them: Harper's Book for Young Naturalists; Young Alaskans in the Rockies; Motor Boating for Boys.

In Sunny Spain, by Katherine Lee Bates; Under Greek Skies, by Julia D. Dragoumis; A Boy in Eirinn, by Padraic Colm, these last three named being from the press of the E. P. Dutton Company, comprise a new and delightful series of really interesting and instructive books for the younger children, to whom the study of folklore would be a difficult thing, under that name. The author of "A Boy in Eirinn," is a young Irish poet, and his sympathetic handling of his subject is a delight to the adult, as well as to the child. The tale of Greek child life deals with the fortunes of a little Greek girl who comes to the United States to live, and will be of unusual interest to the girl who is fond of reading. Miss Bates, in her book "In Sunny Spain," introduces in the happiest manner the customs and the games of the Spanish children—and truthful history is most interestingly interwoven with geography. Miss Converse, who is editing this series of books, is responsible for a most important addition to the new school of literature for children, and her work will become more popular, as it is better known.

A peep into the covers of these books opens a new world for the adult—and one wonders what the normal boy and girl feel when they read. Wholesome, clean, stirring, interesting, educative, uplifting—these are not too fulsome words for this, the new school of literature for our boys and girls.

Emerson Hough has never done better work than in his "Young Alaskans in the Rockies," gotten out by the Harpers; there is a deal of instructive information, and to the boy fond of travel, the book will be interesting from start to finish. He will learn that it is well to be clean, mentally and physically; he will learn a lot about "fair play," and he will learn too, that there is too much to be had in life to nurse a grouch. There is geography in plenty and in so attractive a form as to make the study of it a joy.

In "Motor Boating for Boys," by Charles G. Davis, there will be an interest for the fortunate boy who can take advantage of the simple, practical treatment of this so-popular form of water diversion. It is delightfully written, and the veriest dub will be able to use the information he gleans from the book, so simply and plainly is the subject handled. The chapter devoted to "The Arrangement of Buoys" will be of interest to more than the boys—and it is safe to assume that the boys are not the only ones ignorant of the fine points of buoys.

Perhaps of the trio of Harper books, the one for young naturalists is the most perfect example of the new school of juvenile literature. It is crammed full of the most interesting matter, from cover to cover, and the author, A. Hyatt Verrill, must love boys—and nature.

The book purports to be a "guide to collecting and preparing specimens, with descriptions of the life, habits and haunts of birds, insects, plants, etc.," and it would be hard to select a

book that would do more toward encouraging study, in a most delightful form among boys, than this book. It suggests in the beginning, that a community of boys be formed, and if there is a neighborhood fortunate enough to have the boys, and an elder who will take part with them, guiding and directing them, the neighborhood of those boys will never have to worry about cans on the dogs' tails, persecuted cats, broken windows nor robbed orchards.

While not coming under the head of books, there is a publication devoted to the juveniles which may very well be mentioned in the class with the books treated. The Youth's Companion has done as much to make a standard of literary excellence for juvenile works, as any publication which comes to the mind of the writer. The style of all the stories published for many years in this paper, has changed but little since the days of its inception; there is a wholesomeness and a uggedness about the characters which must have helped in the development of numberless boys and girls. Many of the stories which have appeared as serials, are in book form, and may be regarded as worthy of being placed in the libraries for the young folks.

In summing up, one feels that the new school of literature shows—not so much the "change of attitude in the childish mind," as the change of dealing with that same mind. In the dreary old days of the youth of some of us, under the austere regime which proscribed picture books, dolls and toys or "diversion" of any sort, only the Recording Angel knows how much rebellion was hatched in childish minds at the dismalness of Sunday in the average household, where children were. There were, of course, some parents who were human enough to know the true inwardness of children and their needs, but there were—woe's us—a great many parents to whom Sunday meant: Sunday School; Church: quiet: and the reading of books of uplift and instruction—said uplift and instruction being put to the last analysis of the child mind, and proving that all the good died young, and they didn't have much fun while they lived.

We have changed that now, praise be, and the normal boy and girl who is blessed with parents and friends of the enlightened age, learn that morality is, at the beginning of the life of a boy and a girl, the very best corner stone on which to rear the structure which will mean the development of the man and woman who does the things worth while.

The longing for adventure, romance, life and action is fully met by the new school of literature, and it is a splendid thing to realize that it is in the hands of men and women writers who are worthy the trust and who realize the responsibility it carries with it.

There are any number of other books of the class and the excellence of those cited, but space forbids their enumeration; it is safe to assume that the catalogues of the publishing houses will issue the same attractive lists this year they have in previous years, and it is well for the friends of children to take advantage of the opportunity to help in the higher development of the boy and girl of today, by giving them the chance to learn at close range of the heroes and heroines whose deeds are not so marvellous as those of others days and times, but who are so thoroughly human as to make them worthy and easy of emulation.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE press dispatches announce the cheerful news that Yuan Shi Kai has triumphantly elected himself President of China.

His first term is to be five years. If he lives, his term will be longer than that. Whenever Yuan gets out, he will go like Diaz went.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is still a fugitive from China and from President Yuan. The Doctor says that President Yuan wants to kill him.

Yuan's enemies have a way of suddenly and opportunely departing this life; and, therefore, Dr. Sun's apprehensions are by no means fanciful.

The new China, the awakened China is rapidly absorbing Western ideals.

Incidentally, Yuan has mortgaged the future of the new China to prosaic old Europe, for the sum of $125,000,000, represented by crinkling new bonds, beautifully engraved, and impressively stamped.

China is indeed awakening.

* * * * *

THE PUBLIC'S "RIGHT" TO THE LAND.

To the Editor of The World:

A wise court upholds the people's rights to the beaches at Coney Island. Where is the learned Judge who will assert the equal rights of all to use the earth? Why should a small class of idlers charge the business men and toilers $273,000,000 rent yearly for using the bare land of New York City? Who gave them any better right to the earth than their landless brothers?

We cannot expect good times and happiness so long as some of us legally steal the land values which God made for all of us, and all of us (the city) rob some of us by a tax on homes and industry. Who is the judicial Moses who will lead us into a land of plenty by freeing the earth to all men?

Brooklyn, Oct. 3. H. C. MAGUIRE.

* * * * *

The only trouble with the public's right to the land is, that the public never makes any improvements. If the public had always *continued* to own Manhattan Island, as in the good old Indian days, it would have continued to be worth the $24. the Indians got for it.

Men, being men and not angels, will not dig, delve, build, and beautify for other men. Each man will do it for *himself*. Guarantee to *him* what his labor produces, and he will do about and kill bears. But so long as he is given no assurance, *in law*, that he and his will reap where he and his have sown, he and his will loaf, fan flies, talk Socialism, and Single-tax-ism, and save up cuss-words for the fellow who demands that *his* product, made while others loaf, shall belong to *him*, exclusively, and not in common with the said loafer.

* * * * *

God did not make the improvements which raised land values in New York to $273,000,000. Man did it.

Deduct what was put into New York values by the men who were working for *themselves*, and you will have a barren piece of land, not worth much more than it was when the Indians had it.

Those men who are embittered because of New York's rental value, might all find opportunities just as good, if they will hunt for them as diligently as the Dutch and English did in the old times.

There were no land values to "steal," when the original New Yorkers made that bargain with the communal, socialistic Red men, and got a barren island for a bale of tobacco worth $24.00.

* * * * * *

"It is *the money* that is in the office, and not *the honor*, that attracts me."

Who wrote that?

It was written to Hon. J. Sterling Morton by Hon. W. J. Bryan.

The italics are mine, the sentiments, Bryan's.

He and his vacation are still meandering around among the county fairs, delivering lectures wherever $250 can be seen.

Would it be possible to satiate Mr. Bryan's craving for money?

Would it be possible to pay him enough salary to keep him at his work?

Would it be possible to run the Government, if every public servant were to follow Mr. Bryan's example?

* * * * * *

The October number of The Eastern and Western Review, a publication devoted to the interests of Greece, contains a long article on Bulgarian atrocities. The story is illustrated with gruesome pictures—dead men on the ground, a boy that has been stabbed with numerous bayonet thrusts, and some grieving women. It is a story of the horrors of war, and is no doubt based on facts.

But suppose that the Bulgarians had 60,000 stores in this country and were able to publish in Boston a high-class magazine, what sort of tale would they tell on the Greeks?

So far as the impartial American can judge, all these so-called Christian belligerents in the Balkan War have been more barbarous to one another than the Turks were to any of them. And it would seem that the Greeks hate the Bulgarians with a ferocity which finds no adequate expression save in the most hideous excesses.

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Mr. Gladstone is well known to have been the warmest of friends to the Greeks. In his political career, in his speeches and in his books that friendship was frequently, fearlessly and unselfishly manifested. Yet Mr. Gladstone strongly condemned the attitude of the Greeks toward the unfortunate Bulgarians.

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The eminent French author, Emile de Laveleye, published a most thorough and valuable work, "The Balkan Peninsula," in 1887, heartily endorsed by Mr. Gladstone.

In this book, there is a statement of facts which plead powerfully *against* the Greeks and in favor of the harassed and oppressed Bulgarians.

According to Lameleye, the Greek priests have been largely to blame for Bulgarian woes, the eternal feature of clerical intermeddling, dictation and persecution presenting itself and brewing hell-broth for all concerned. Doing it in the name of God, of course.

* * * * * *

The New York Sun publishes a portion of the report of Professor W. S. Monroe to the Springfield *Republican*, giving the result of his tour of observation in the districts of Macedonia overrun by the Greeks.

Prof. Monroe says in part:

"I have personally been the eye witness of the most dreadful Greek atrocities, and while admitting that wrong has been done by Bulgars, I am profoundly of the conviction that for every atrocity committed by a Bulgarian twenty like atrocities have been committed by Greeks. Unfortunately Bulgaria was completely isolated from the outside world and her side of the question must come late."

"Extermination of the Bulgarian population was carried out on a preconceived plan, the cavalry in many cases being employed for the purpose. Surrounding the villages, the troops pursued all those who attempted to escape, sabering indiscriminately men, women and children."

* * * * * *

The *Sun* proceeds—

The newspapers have published facsimiles of a number of tell-tale letters found among the effects of the Nineteenth Regiment of the Seventh Greek division captured by the Bulgarians at Razlog. Unless these letters are to be dismissed as forgeries or soldiers' fictions they are damning evidence that the Greeks warred like sava-

ges upon the non-combatants. Mr. Monroe submits some extracts:

"The war has been painful. We have burned all the villages abandoned by the Bulgarians. The latter burn the Greek villages and we burn the Bulgarian villages. They massacre and we massacre, and the Mannlicher has worked against all those of this wicked nation who have fallen into our hands. Of the 1,200 prisoners we made at Nigrita only forty-one remain in the prison."

"From Serres to the frontier we have burned all the villages of the Bulgarians. We kill them like sparrows."

"We burn all the Bulgarian villages and we kill all the Bulgarians who fall into our hands."

"The Hellenic army sets fire to every Bulgarian village that it reaches, and massacres all those whom it meets."

* * * * * *

Dr. Booker T. Washington has written to the New York World an illuminating letter which proves beyond all question that Lynch Law is a brilliant success.

The Doctor "points with pride" to the fact that the number of colored gentlemen who have been hastily sent to glory, by Judge Lynch, has steadily decreased. Inasmuch as the Judge has not allowed a single rapist to escape, it follows that the decrease in the penalty means a decrease in the crime.

Horse-stealing was banished from the West by Lynch Law. The desperado who got drunk and amused himself by murdering non-combatants, was abolished by Lynch Law.

There are some conditions which the law-abiding element must deal with *directly, AND SWIFTLY*. Courts, and lawyers, and court processes are entirely too slow for some situations and some criminals.

God Almighty never meant for white people to tamely wait until the lawyers got good and ready for the trial of a black animal, whose bleeding victim was thrilling the air with her piteous moans, or her shrieks of wild despair.

* * * * * *

Dom Francis Gasquet, cosmopolite, has arrived in this clime of the sun, and is asking for money wherewith to translate the Bible. The coolness with which the Dom F. G. assumes that the Book has never yet been translated, is calculated to ruffle the equanimity of

THE POPE WON'T FIND ANY POPE IN THE BIBLE.

those simple souls who had supposed that the millions of translations scattered throughout the universe by the English and American Bible Societies, were sufficiently accurate.

Dom Francis Gasquet says that he has examined 5,000 ancient manuscripts of the Word, and that only four of these venerable antiques agree with one another. Think of that! Only *four*, out of five thousand, have the same text.

If that be the case, my private opin-

ion is, that we had better let these ancient manuscripts alone.

* * * * * *

But when did the Pope first feel this inclination for a new Bible coming on?

Every scholar knows that the Vulgate—the Catholic Bible—was made in a most free handed way by "Saint" Jerome; and that some of the most erudite and orthodox of *the Romanist prelates denounced the work*, because Jerome had made so many changes in the Book! Some things that were in the old manuscripts he had left out of his version: some things which he put into his version, were not in the old manuscripts.

In other words, *the Vulgate* is Jerome's idea of *what the Bible ought to have been.*

Now, Dom Gasquet and the latter-day Popes may think that Jerome's Vulgate needs modernizing; and if they start out by preparing the world for changes, the world may confidently anticipate the changes.

When Dom F. G. begins by saying that he has unearthed 5,000 old manuscripts, only four of which agree, I feel that the world is put upon notice that it is to have a new Bible.

* * * * * *

Printed in London, 200 years ago, Bishop Gilbert Burnett's monumental book "The History of the Reformation in the Church of England," went forth on its voyage of the world, and of the Ages. May it never furl its sails: may wind and wave bear it on, forever: may it never cast anchor in the harbor of *Things Forgotten!*

Turn to page 13 of Book I. and read the terrible story of Richard Hunne, "a Merchant-taylor in London," who was prosecuted by Popish priests, and put to death because he had dared to have an English Bible in his possession!

The education and the creed of these Romish priests had made them believe that it was *their duty to kill one of their neighbors AND BURN HIS CORPSE, so heinous was the heretical sin of having a Bible of his own.*

This was on the 20th December, 1514. Rome teaches *now*, what she taught then.

* * * * * *

There was some effort to deny that Richard Hunne had been hanged by the priests. *Suicide* was mentioned, and the Coroner began to investigate; "but as the Inquest proceeded in this Trial, the Bishop (of London) began a new Process *against the dead body of Richard Hunne*, for other points of Heresie; and several articles were gathered out of Wickliffe's Preface to the Bible with which he was charged.

And *his having the Book in his possession* being taken for good evidence, he was adjudged to be an Heretick. * * * On the 20th of December *his body was burnt at Smithfield.*"

Hanged and then burned, for having "the Book in his possession!"

Yet, the good Catholics of this country believe the lies of their priests when those *enemies to religion, to morality and to human progress* assure them that the Italian church has never opposed the reading of the Bible.

* * * * * *

HARRISON PROMISES FILIPINOS FREEDOM.

Special Cable to The Atlanta Georgian.

Manila, Oct. 6.—The new Governor General of the Philippines, Francis Burton Harrison, arrived today on the steamer Manchuria and was enthusiastically greeted by the thousands of persons. He immediately took charge of affairs.

In his inaugural address, delivered shortly after his arrival, Governor General Harrison dclared that every step taken by the Governmnt at Washington would be toward the ultimate independence of the Philippines.

My opinion is, that the Filipinos will get their freedom immediately after the Poles of Poland get theirs.

I am inclined to think that immediately after Great Britain makes good her promise to get out of Egypt, we will make good our promise to get out of the Philippines.

In other words, I don't think Philippine independence will be deferred beyond Judgment Day.

Further than this, I would not like to commit myself.

* * * * * *

The mighty noise that you hear, and the seismic tremor that you feel, are caused by McReynolds, Wilson and Bryan busting the Money Devil and the Cormorant Trusts.

McReynolds is the lawyer that we Democrats inherited from the vile Republicans, and he has demolished as many Trusts for Wilson as he did for Taft.

* * * * * *

What became of the Roman Catholic priest who acted as the accomplice of Gallagher in the shooting of William J. Gaynor?

Gallagher had been adjudged insane, as the priest Hans Schmidt *will be*—Schmidt, the educated priest who seduced the lovely German girl, and then cut her throat to keep her from telling on him.

Gaynor died from the terrible coughing spells brought on by Gallagher's bullet lodged in his throat.

The priest who showed Gallagher *which one was Gaynor*, among the men on deck, dived out of sight when the assassin of Rome had done his work.

Where is that priestly brother of priest Schmidt?

* * * * * *

In the Truth Seeker of August 27, 1910, it was editorially stated that "the latest announced policy of the (Catholic) church in Spain is a waiting one. The Vatican will wait for a change of government, *prophesying the downfall of Canalejas.*"

This statesman had adopted a porgram "to weaken the enormous power which the Vatican wields in that country, and to make the State as independent as possible of the Church."

Yes, the Vatican waited for the downfall of Canalejas; and, *to quicken fulfillment of the prophecy*, he was murdered. *The Pope rejoiced*, and the enormous power of the church in Spain was *not* weakened.

* * * * * *

Alien ownership of land in these United States, continues to vex California, the Federal Government, and Japan. Diplomatic correspondence drags its slow length along.

The Mikado finds it difficult to understand why the Italian Pope should be encouraged to own so much of the best property in America, when the Japs cannot acquire a few fruit-farms, without exciting violent spasms of protest and apprehension!

The Italian potentate is the virtual owner of church property in this country, worth $200.000.000. None of it pays taxes.

By means of it, the Italian proprietor draws royal revenues from America—revenues far greater than the King of England ever drew from his American colonies.

* * * * * *

Did you know that your Federal Government is furnishing military teachers, and military supplies *to religious schools, controlled by churches?*

Write to the Secretary of War, and ask for details.

Your Government is doing this *in violation of law.*

And of course the Italian church is getting the lion's share of this illegal governmental aid. Poppa always demands his share, and Poppa's share is always leonine.

MISCELLANEOUS

Guilty—But Drunk.

MANY years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown was one of its circuit judges. He was a man of ability, of inflexible integrity, and beloved and respected by all the legal profession. But he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into occasional excesses. In travelling the circuit, it was his habit, the night before opening court, to get "comfortably corned." If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife in the old-fashioned carry-all, the Judge journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where court was to be opened the next day. He took quarters with a relation of his better-half, by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a high honor. After supper, he strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "'tis quite a long time since we enjoyed a glass together. Let us take a glass all round. Of course Sterritt (addressing the landlord,) you have better liquor than the last time we were here; the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking-bout in a country tavern; it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very devious way toward his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical joke," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she reproachfully, "you are getting too old; you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where'd you get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"

"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them."

"Good Heavens! How could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, *you was.*"

"Was I remarkably drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency. "I knew it would come to that, at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me; that I should do something very wrong; kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps; butI never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"

"But, there may be some mistake, Judge!"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt keeps the meanest sort of liquor and always did; liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears. "Go like a man over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke; go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of this soothing system operated on the Judge as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him, for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, Sterritt had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in court, but it was observed that he was subdued and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a tough citizen was arranged on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—*but drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—?"

"He pleads guilty, *but drunk.*"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, *but drunk!* That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none nowhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle* prosequi in this man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *The Court got drunk on it the other day and stole all of Sterritt's spoons!* Release the

prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, I adjourn the court."—Oddities of Southern Life and Characters, edited by Henry Watterson.

Retrospection.

By Richard Le Gallienne.

Singer, singing at my door,
Bird of Summer, sing no more;
Save indeed you can bring back
All the singing years before—
Bird of Summer, sing no more.

Bird of Summer, had you heard,
Sweeter far than any bird,
Those old voices still I hear,
Looked into those far-off faces,
Wandered into hidden places
Still to me so near;
Singing, singing at my door—
You would sing no more.

Vice-President Andrew Johnson, Drunk When Inaugurated.

By David M. DeWitt.

On Saturday, the fourth day of March, 1865, as the hour of noon drew nigh, the Senate chamber at Washington was crowded with a most distinguished assemblage. In the lower semi-circle of seats and in the space in front of the secretary's desk where a single empty chair in the centre signified that the expected President was to be his own successor, were gathered cabinet officers, judges of the Supreme Court, ministers plenipotentiary, officers of the army and navy; while in the upper semi-circle on one side were massed the Senators themselves, and on the other the Representatives who, by reason of their number, overflowed into all the unoccupied spaces in the rear and even into the corridors outside. In the chair of the presiding officer, placed as high above the secretary as that officer was above the floor, sat Vice-President Hamlin; on his left Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the outgoing House, and on his right Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President-elect. The galleries were crammed to their utmost capacity—the ladies' quarter, resembling a vast bank of flowers jeweled with the morning dew, shedding sweet influence upon the scene below.

As the hands of the Senate clock creep towards the hour of twelve, the Vice-President, whose official hours are just about to be numbered, gives one tap with his gavel, rises, and, after the usual farwell remarks, inquires whether the Vice-President, whose official hours are about to begin, is ready to take the oath of office. To this inquiry, the figure on the right makes affirmative response, steps forward away from his predecessor who is about to offer him the book, and breaks out into an address to the audience. For an incoming Vice-President to preface his oath with a speech, there was nothing unusual.

Since the day when John Adams condescended to accept what he designated as "a respectable office" however "dangerous to my reputation or disproportional to my abilities," this had indeed been the practice. But the remarks of the second officer in the government, far from being classed with the inaugurals of the first, were regarded as but perfunctory performances; and no time was allotted before the entrance of the President-elect for anything more than the delivery of the common-places appropriate to the case of an officer taking his seat in the body over which he was in the future to preside. Such, however, was not to be the character of the present address.

The Vice-President-elect seems to have predetermined that his own inauguration should be something more than a lay figure. In contrast with his first predecessor, so far from belittling he felt bound to magnify his office. Two ideas seem to have

preoccupied his mind—one, the nullity of all social distinctions before the omnipotence of the sovereign people—as exemplified in his own career; the other, the restoration of his own State brought about so largely by his own efforts, as typifying the policy and method by which all her insurrectionary sisters should be restored to the communion of States.

As Andrew Johnson stood the focus of that brilliant assemblage, every eye could discern that he was not himself. His rugged countenance was deeply flushed, his voice husky, his bearing strange, his speech incoherent and disfigured by familiar colloquialisms. In stubborn pursuit of the first of the two ideas we have indicated, he rang the changes on the autobiographic reminiscence that he himself was a "plebian boy;" (he wanted "to talk just about two minutes about that"); and on the democratic axiom that Senators, heads of departments, judges of the Supreme Court, nay even the President they were waiting for, were mere creatures of the people's will, as well as himself; (he wanted "to talk just two minutes about that.") And, in illustration of this doctrine, pointing with his finger at the cabinet officers before him, he called them one after the other by name: "You, Mr. Secretary Seward." and "You, Mr. Secretary Stanton," and "You"—coming to the Secretary of the Navy—"and you, Secretary"—"who is the Secretary of the Navy?" failing for the moment to recall the name of Gideon Welles who was to stand by him so staunchly in the tough conflicts ahead. "Who is the Secretary of the Navy?"—appealing in bewilderment to the officials immediately around him. In a word his demeanor was that of a man overcome by strong drink or suddenly seized by some hidden trouble of the brain.

But, nevertheless, whatever the cause of his mental disturbance, Andrew Johnson seemed bound to have his word out. He saw not the horrified astonishment depicted on the high-bred faces before him. He heard not the impatient murmurs in the background of the assembly: "Why does not some one stop him?" "Has he no friends?" He heeded not the timorous nudging from behind of his distracted predecessor. Lost to all the proprieties of place, as well as to the flight of the precious moments, with lowered head buffeting from side to side the encircling mists, he lunged forward to the goal he had set before him.

And when he escaped from allusion to his own self and to his wonderful elevation—allusions which seemed to arouse in his bosom a very tumult of emotions—and struck on the track of his second idea—the freeing of Tennessee from Confederate thraldom—his thoughts grew clearer, his sentences more coherent, his manner calmer; so that in the latter half of what might otherwise have been contemned as mere egotistic and repetitious chatter, he was actually able to announce with no uncertain sound the key-note of what was to be, in the impending future, his Policy of Reconstruction.

"Before I conclude this brief inaugural address, in the presence of this audience—and I, though a plebian boy, am authorized by the principle of the government under which I live to feel proudly conscious that I am a man, and grave dignitaries are but men—before the Supreme Court, the representatives of foreign Governments, Senators and people, I desire to proclaim that Tennessee, whose representative I have been is free. She has bent the tyrant's rod, she has broken the yoke of slavery, and today she stands redeemed! She waited not for the exercise of power by Congress; it was her own act, and she is now as loyal, Mr. Attorney General, as is the State from which you come. It is the doctrine of the Federal Constitution that no State can go out of the Union;

and moreover Congress cannot eject a State from the Union. Thank God, Tennessee has never been out of the Union! It is true the operations of her government were for a time interrupted: there was an interregnum; but she is still in the Union and I am her representative. This day she elects her Governor and Legislature, which will be convened on the first Monday of April, and again her Senators and Representatives will soon mingle with those of her sister States; and who shall gainsay it, for the Constitution requires that to every State shall be guaranteed a republican form of government."

The fundamental article of his political creed—in spite of physical infirmity and mental obfuscation, he managed to get it out. And, then, for a moment, the murmur of his voice ceased. Swinging round with his back to the audience, he stretched out his hand to the Book held by the horror-stricken Hamlin, and, with stammering tongue and many mistakes, repeated after him, one by one, the clauses of the oath. Holding the Book uplifted above his head and turning round to face his hearers, he started to explain his view of the solemn obligation he has just taken upon himself: but the ordeal had become unendurable. The hour of twelve had passed unheeded by. President Lincoln had quietly walked in and taken the empty chair. The new Vice-President was admonished by those around him that further speech was not permissible. Assuming the seat of the presiding officer, he opened the extra session and swore in the new Senators by handing them the Bible and omitting the oath. The Secretary of the Senate quickly supplied the omission, and then the painful spectacle was over.—Publications of The Southern History Association.

America.

Henry Jerome Stockard.
Raleigh, N. C.

Great mother, who with loving tones dost call
The homeless tribes to share thy bounteous store;
Dost lead them wondering through thy splendid door,
And make them co-heirs with thy children all:
The prodigal, outlaw, anarch, lazar, thrall—
Raff of the dungeon, banned from every shore,
Begot by Hate, with guile and error hoar,
And nursed at Famine's shrunken breast of gall;
Beware! lest when thou tremblest, prone with years,
They squander thine imperial estate,
And leave thee beggared, blind, and desolate,
Stabbed by remorse more keen than mortal pain,
To mourn with bitter, unavailing tears
Thy sons slain and thy daughters worse than slain.

Reform in Bloody Gulch.

He wore a buckskin suit and wide-brimmed hat. The revolvers at his belt looked as if they had seen considerable use, but he was quiet when the stranger in the smoking-car drew him into conversation.

"Yes, I've been pretty tough," he said. "I guess we all have out at Bloody Gulch, but we have got over it. Got religion, you know. A fellow came through there last week with a gospel cart, and he got all the boys out and talked to 'em good and hard. He said a lot about how a feller should be known by his deeds and not by the bluff he puts up. He said his work

was what counted and not the guff. So we all got thinkin' about what tough critters we were, and we made up our minds to try a new way."

"To be good?" asked the stranger.

"That's it; that's the stuff exactly," said the man with the big revolvers. "We are goin' to be good and start a regular old reform wave shootin' around the gulch. There's been a lot of lynchin' out there, you know, and so we took that in hand first; made up our minds that it had got to stop, and stop quick. The boys don't stand no foolin' when they get ready to move; somethin's got to happen. So when we heerd about the Eastern cities and their reform committees and their civic federations, and all that sort of stuff, we got together and organized a little committee of our own. It was a hot one, too, I tell you. All the boys belong to it that are any good, and they swore they'd stop lynchin' inside twenty-four hours, and they done it."

"Organized an anti-lynching league, I take it," said the stranger.

"That's what it was, and it was a hummer. We just waited our chance to ketch some of the tough fellers that was taking the law into their own hands, and we got it. We heerd of a lynchin' that was comin' off that very night we organized our reform committee. Some of the fellers from the other end of the gulch had located a hoss thief, and they were goin' out to string him up. Well, stranger, a hoss thief is a pretty durned mean sort of a critter, and I ain't got much use for 'em myself, but religion is religion, and if a feller's got it, I reckon he's got to stick to it. So we went out after the lads that was goin' to lynch the hoss thief, and we caught 'em about a mile up the gulch. We saved the hoss thief, stranger, and we labored with the lynchers good and hard—just like the gospel feller said we should."

"Were you successful?"

"You bet we was. They ain't been a lynchin' in the gulch since that night. When we want reform you bet we get it quick, and everybody knows that we mean business. There can't be no mistake about that."

"What did you do with the lynchers?"

"We lynched 'em."

* * * *

Lord Peckover's Bibles.

Lord Peckover, who has recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday, is a direct descendant of Edmund Peckover, who served in Cromwell's Army. His lordship is the last male descendant of his family, all the members of which are Quakers. In his library at Wisbech there exists one of the finest collections of Bibles and Biblical MSS. in the possession of any private individual. Besides being the possessor of a Syriac MS. Gospel of the Fifth Century, Lord Peckover has in his library the first editions of the early versions of the Scriptures in England. He possesses all of these with the exception of the first edition of Tyndale, which cannot be purchased, because there are only three in existence, all imperfect: one is in the British Museum. But he possesses the second edition of Tyndale, dated 1534. It is interesting to observe how assiduously the Church of Rome carried out her anti-Christian work of exterminating the Scriptures which Tyndale so courageously disseminated. Thousands of copies were seized and destroyed by fire at St. Paul's Cross. It is related by Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," that Tunstall, the Popish Bishop of London, while in Antwerp, had an interview with Packington, an English merchant there, and desired him to find out how many copies of Tyndale's first edition he could purchase for money. Packington, who was an admirer of Tyndale, informed him of Tunstall's desire. Tyndale, on hearing of it, was

very glad; for being convinced of some faults in his first edition, he was designing a new and more correct one; but, being poor, was unable to set about it. So he gave Packington all the copies he had left, for which Tunstall paid his price, and bringing them to England, burned them publicly in Cheapside. Tunstall's bonfire had an effect on the public mind which he did not anticipate, for the burning of the Word of God had such a hateful appearance that people concluded that there must be "a visible contrariety between that book and the doctrines of those who so handled it, by which both their prejudices against the clergy, and their desire of reading the New Testament, were increased." Hence, Tunstall's action recoiled on his own head, and Tyndale was provided with sufficient funds to issue his second edition of the New Testament. But Tyndale shortly afterwards suffered at the hands of that Church which has always been the unchanging enemy of an open Bible, and he was first strangled and then burnt at the stake on October 6th, 1536.—The Protestant Observer, London, England.

Honoring a Catholic, Because He is a Catholic, at the Expense of Historic Truth.

We clip the following from the Washington *Post*, of Oct. 1, 1913:

TRIBUTE TO SEA HERO.

Statue of John Barry Being Erected in Franklin Park.

Commodore John Barry, hero of the Revolution, who captured the first British vessel which ever surrendered to the United States, is to be honored with a $50,000 statue on the Fourteenth street side of Franklin park. The statue was authorized by Congress four years ago, and will be of bronze, on a stone pedestal.

Workmen are now laying the foundation, and the monument will be unveiled next May, though it is probable that it will be finished some time before that. The statue was designed by John Boyle, of New York. The pedestal will bear a carved figure of Liberty.

John Barry was born in County Wexford, Ireland, in 1745, and by the time he was 15 years old had accumulated large wealth, and became master of a sailing vessel plying out of Philadelphia. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was put in command of the Lexington, and in 1776 captured the British tender Edward, a much larger ship.

He was then transferred to the frigate Effingham which was burned under him after the British had captured Philadelphia. Later, in another vessel, he captured both the Atalanta and Trepassy, of the British fleet, after a desperate battle.

When the first real American navy was formed he was put in command of the frigate United States as senior officer, with the rank of commodore. He died in Philadelphia on September 13, 1803.

In reference to the above, I have this much to say:

In the Report of the American Historical Association for 1895, there is a highly eulogistic sketch of Commodore Barry, the author being Martin I. J. Griffin.

He refers to the fact that in the earlier editions of Cooper's History of the American Navy, Commodore Barry was named as the first to display, at sea, the old flag of thirteen stripes.

In 1853 Cooper himself, in examining Barry's papers discovered that the Commodore had not sailed until after the Commander-in-Chief, Ezekiel Hopkins, had done so, on Feb. 17, 1776.

Barry himself did not put to sea before April.

Therefore it was Hopkins, of Rhode Island, who should have been named as the first to fly the old Continental flag upon the ocean.

He captured several of the forts on the Bahamas, and two British ships off Block Island. Later, he was dismissed from the service because of his failure to meet certain charges brought against him—inactivity being one of them.

Mr. Griffin quotes from a letter written, in 1813, by John Adams to Slbridge Gerry:

"Philadelphia is now boasting that

Paul Jones has asserted in his journal that his hand hoisted the first American flag, and Captain Barry has asserted that the first British flag was struck to him.

Now, I assert that the first American flag was hoisted by Capt. John Manley, and the first British flag was struck to him."

Adams wrote to John Langdon for his testimony on the subject, and Langdon replied that "*the pretensions of Jones and Barry are both unfounded.*"

Under orders of General Washington, Captain Manley, hoisted *the pine-tree flag* over the *Lee* and captured the British vessels *Nancy*, *Jenny* and *Hannah*. This was in November and December, 1775.

In December, 1775, John Paul Jones hoisted the *rattle-snake flag*, with its motto, "Don't tread on me."

There was no American flag until Jan. 1, 1776, when General Washington raised the old Continental flag. This was superseded by our present flag in June, 1777.

Therefore, no question *can* arise as to who first flew the Stars and Stripes. We had several armies in the field, and several squadrons at sea, all of which simultaneously replaced the old colors with the new.

But under the flag which George Washington unfurled at Cambridge, it was the Protestant, Hopkins, and *not* the Catholic, Barry, who was first to enter "the ocean lists."

It was the heroic John Manley, another Protestant, who first captured the enemy's vessels, under an American flag.

It was another Protestant, John Paul Jones, who was the next in order as the captor of British ships.

Commodore Barry comes third.

Mrs. Hibrow: "Don't you find the Stone Age interesting?"

Mrs. Lowbrow: "Yes, indeed; Willie's just that age now; but it's awfully hard on the windows."—Brooklyn Life.

Memories of Dixie.

By "Old South."

Boy heroism has been a favorite theme with bards and sages in every period of the world's history.

Most juvenile orators know by heart the spirited lines of Mrs. Hemans touching the sad fate of Casabianca on the blazing quarter-deck of the French battleship, L'Orient.

Not a few of them have declaimed about the soldier boy of Bingen, who "lay dying in Algiers." Older hearts have beaten faster at the recital of Browning's tribute to the boy courier, who brought the welcome news to Napoleon that Lannes had effected a lodgment in the market place at Ratisbon, and having delivered his message, straightway fell dead at the feet of the Emperor.

Such incidents have not been wanting in our Confederate history. These incidents deserve to live in song and story, nor should they wait to be exhumed by some future Dryasdust from some garret or moldy cellar.

One of the most quiet and least obtrusive citizens of Atlanta is Dr. W. M. Durham. It is known to but a few outside of a small circle that when a mere lad he was conspicuous for his daring as a Confederate soldier. At the organization of the regiment (Forty-second) General R. J. Henderson was elected colonel, Colonel R. F. Maddox, deceased, one of Atlanta's noblest citizens, was chosen lieutenant colonel, and Colonel W. H. Hulsey major.

The regiment had a most eventful history, enduring much hardship, both in the West and East. Its ranks were composed of the best fighting material, but no one in that gallant array surpassed in deliberate, unshrinking bravery the boy soldier, Billy Durham. Colonel Hulsey remarked to the writer that he hardly knew how this slender, beardless stripling, less than fifteen

years of age, effected his enlistment. In a little while, however, it was ascertained that he was not physically able to carry the full equipment of a soldier in the ranks. It was, therefore, agreed to remove him to headquarters, where he was designated orderly to the acting adjutant. In this capacity he was found to be thoroughly reliable and efficient. It was observed that whenever the battle was on he promptly shouldered his musket and went into the thickest of the fight. He was not absent from a single important engagement of his regiment from the date of its organization to its final surrender at Bentonville, N. C. At Baker's Creek, Chickasaw Bayou, Reseca, New Hope, in the battles around Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, whenever and wherever the leaden storm was fiercest, young Durham was at his post and behaved with the steadiness of a veteran.

During the latter months of the war, although but about seventeen years of age, he was promoted to the adjutancy of the battle-scarred and fearfully depleted regiment, whose fortunes he was proud to share. Said Colonel Hulsey: "He was unaffectedly modest, but utterly fearless, whether in the bivouac or on the hard-fought field."

His commanding officers relate many things that illustrate his personal gallantry, but the writer shall confine himself to a single incident that occurred during the siege of Vicksburg. In the midst of this protracted siege when our half-starved troops were closely beleaguered and sorely pressed by Grant's well provisioned army, young Durham performed a perilous deed that saved at least a score of lives. On the occasion referred to a Yankee battery was heavily shelling that part of the Confederate lines where the Forty-second Georgia was stationed. Suddenly there was the shriek of a rifled shell that fell into our intrenchments. As usual there was demoralization and flight. Young Durham, however, with the utmost coolness, seized the shell, the fuse still burning and sizzling, and hurled it over the breastworks, where it almost instantly exploded with a terrific noise.

This daring feat of the soldier lad was worthy of Sergeant Jasper, of Revolutionary fame.

BOOK REVIEWS

SCHLEY, SAMPSON AND CERVERA. By James Parker, Ex-Lieut-Commander U. S. Navy. The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

This is a review of the naval campaign of 1898, which ended in the capture of the poor old Spanish Admiral, and the destruction of his poor old Spanish fleet.

The severest fighting that took place, was afterwards, when the officers, politicians, editors, &c., fell into a furious struggle over Sampson and Schley.

In many respects, the Spanish-American war scrambled the prose and the poetry, the grief and the gayety, the comic and the tragic. One laughs and cries, alternately. When we read of Dewey's glorious victory, and learn that nobody on our side got killed, we hardly know what to make of it. And when Dewey comes home to meet such an ovation as Drake, Hawkins, and Nelson never received, we can scarcely avoid a smile when we hear our Admiral pack his modesty into the phrase,

"Boys, I only did my duty!"

Enthusiastic patriotism presented Dewey with a Washington City house, Dewey presented it to his young bride, enthusiastic patriotism clamored noisily thereat, Dewey expressed his surprise and pain in print, and then that end of the naval campaign ceased firing.

But the Santiago end of the campaign burst into flames and volcanic noise. The Sampson-Schley controversy shook the American world. It was Sampson's victory: it was Schley's victory: it was a "Captain's victory!"

The pens of partisanship flew: the ink flowed: the type rattled; the presses groaned. (Dinner tables and printing always "groan," I believe.)

You couldn't pick up a newspaper without finding yourself in the thick of that "running fight" off Santiago. It was easy to see the ships, easy to see the running, but hard to see the fight. It was there, of course, but the Spanish part of it was obscure.

But there was no obscurity about the running fight between the American officers, and their two great chiefs, Sampson and Schley. A wayfaring man though a fool, could see it. And get tired of seeing it, too.

Finally, Schley asked for an official investigation. His demand could not be denied. At the trial, many witnesses were heard. The Court made its verdict, and the same was passed up to Jupiter Tonans for the ultimate decree of fate.

By Jupiter Tonans, I of course, mean Theodore Roosevelt, then President, Commander-in-Chief, &c. Without the slightest hesitation, Jupiter Tonans threw the fat in the fire, by deciding, brusquely and olympically, that neither Sampson nor Schley won the battle—and that the Captain's won it.

Whereupon, mankind considered that the Court of Inquiry might have saved itself a lot of trouble by referring the whole case to Theodore at the beginning.

Lieut-Commander Parker writes in admirable temper, his judicial frame of mind and his suavity being pleasantly conspicuous. He sifts the records, and proves—

(1.) That the jumping of Captain Sampson over the heads of so many officers older in age and service than himself, and ranking him in position, was unwise and unlawful.

(2.) That Schley found the Spanish fleet, ordered the battle, stationed the vessels, and did his splendid part during the engagement.

(3.) That the apparently retreating movement made by Schley's ship, was a naval maneuvre, familiar to the profession, warranted by the illustrious precedent set by Nelson, and vindicated by results in the Santiago battle.

Cervera himself has since testified to the wisdom and effectiveness of "the loop" made by Schley's vessel.

(4.) That the bearing of Schley throughout the encounter was gallant in the highest degree.

"Give 'em hell, boys!" he was heard to cry, from time to time, as the guns blazed; and his own person was exposed fearlessly, all the while.

It was the irony of events that Sampson had gone off with his ship, to have some sort of confab with General Shafter; and neither Sampson nor his vessel were in the battle, at all. Yet, Sampson coolly took the whole credit, and insisted that Schley report Sampson's ship as being in the fight.

Schley weakly obeyed, thus really making an incorrect report, and laying up future trouble for himself.

Schley warmly signalled to Sampson—

"This is a great day for our country!"

Sampson coldly replied, by signal—

"Report your casualties."

Then Sampson's under-officer, Staunton, using Sampson's name, grandiloquently telegraphed, in effect, that Sampson had captured the entire Spanish fleet, and desired to give it to us as a Fourth of July present!

Oh, it was pitiful. I don't think that

either Schley, or Sampson, ever breathed a happy breath after the bad beginning that was made in the very hour of triumph.

And it seems quite obvious to me that Schley wanted to be genial, magnanimous, wholesouled, manly—and that Sampson didn't.

Sampson was so cut up because of his accidental absence at the time the Spaniards made their effort to run the blockade, that he couldn't get over it, or rise above it.

He was evidently afraid he would be laughed at, or censured. Therefore, he went too far out of the line of strict fairness and veracity, and he reaped a bitter harvest of heart-burning ever after.

Schley, also, was made unhappy, partly by Sampson's martinet rigidity and jealousy; and partly by his own too-facile alteration in his official report of the engagement. T. E. W.

THE DESIRED WOMAN. By Will N. Harben, Harper & Bros., Publishers, New York.

The story winds around an Atlanta financier who loves a mountain girl, but who marries for money a society queen, her father being exceedingly rich.

The queen loves another society gem, of course, but agrees to marry the financier because he is a successful plunger, whereas the gem she loves is good for nothing but tango, turkey-trot, champagne suppers, fancy swimming in his shirt-tail—and similar swell social stunts.

So, the queen passes up the gem, and marries the financier.

The pair are not happy, and the queen finally elopes with the gem, who in the mean time has become rich by inheritance.

The interest centers in the mountain girl, whose heart was sadly wounded by the financier's desertion, but who at length discovers that her love for him was not of the true and only sort—the true and only being reserved, deliciously, for another man.

I hardly know what would become of the novel writers and the jilted mountain lasses, if it were not for the blessed other man!

In this case, he marries the mountain girl, and they live happily ever after, with beautiful children blossoming all around them.

The financier, in his early Atlanta banking and plunging days started out to be a hard-hearted Public-be-damned Vanderbilt. But after ruining a girl and robbing an old man, and suffering in his health, he undergoes a change, psychologically.

In this change, he is powerfully influenced by a vagabond evangelist. This wandering, homeless, unclassified preacher seems to have been touched with the divine flame that inspired John the Baptist, John Wesley, George Whitfield and Sam Jones. Such men go through life like flaming swords, and they leave behind them a vanishing glory like that which follows the lightning's flash .

The changed financier sells all he has, repairs the injury done to the ruined girl as far as possible, makes restitution to the old man he has robbed, and goes away with the roving evangelist.

After five years, he returns, a completely softened, chastened, purified, penitent.

In this, the latest of his novels, Mr. Harben does not crowd his canvass with

WILL N. HARBEN.

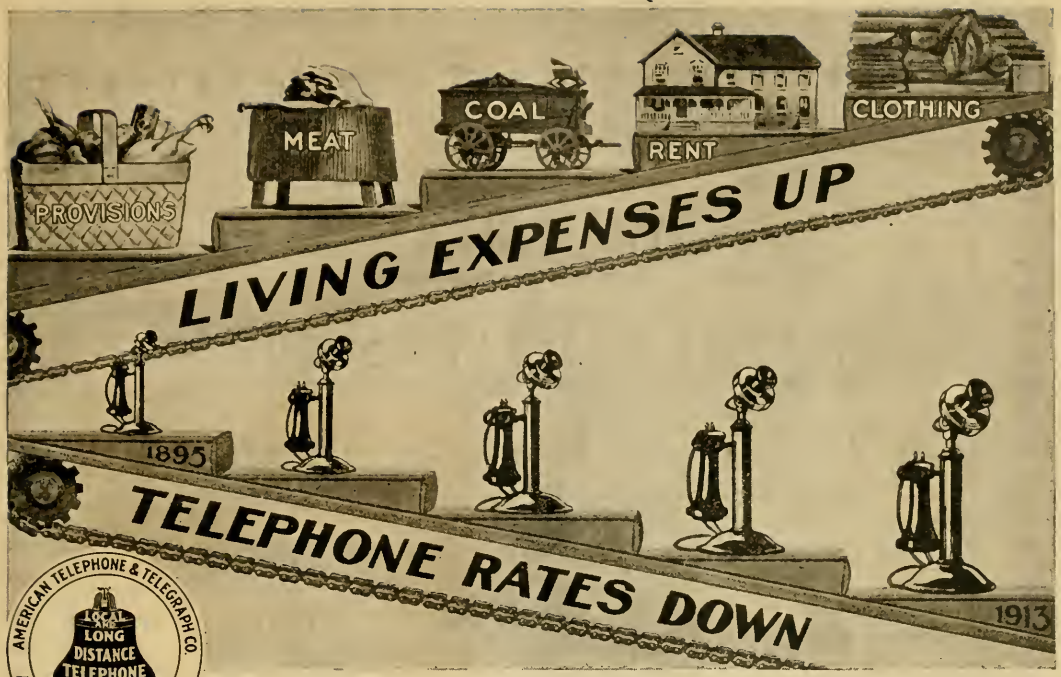
figures, nor intertwine a great variety of strands in his story; but his book is all the more forceful and fascinating because of its rich simplicity.

It is a sane, healthy work, full of true description and life-like types.

The debate on Woman's Rights, in the mountain school-room, is one of the raciest sketches Mr. Harben has written.

The old bachelor, John Webb, is a character, distinct, humorous, easily recognized, and never more sympathetically drawn.

Compare him with Opie Read's old bachelor in "A Kentucky Colonel," and you will see how vividly and humanly different is John Webb. T. E. W.



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CHANGED THE INDORSEMENT.

The check which the comely young German woman handed in at the window of a savings fund the other day was made payable to Gretchen H. Schmidt, and she had indorsed it simply Gretchen Schmidt. The man at the receiving teller's window called her back just as she was turning away to rectify the mistake.

"You don't deposit this quite this way,' he explained. "See you have forgotten the H."

The young woman looked at her check and blushed a rosy red.

"Ach, so I haf," she murmured, and wrote hurriedly:

"Age 23."

A NEAT BRIDE.

An Episcopalian rector who had officiated at a large wedding in Baltimore chanced some few days later to meet old Ben Franklin Bates, the negro butler employed in the former home of the bride. Among other things, the rector asked him whether the newly-married daughter of the mansion was a good housekeeper.

" 'Deed she is," replied Ben, "she can cook an' sweep an' sew ,an' she's neater'n the whole Atlantic ocean."

"But why do you compare her to the Atlantic ocean?" the Episcopalian asked.

" 'Cause she's so tidy, sah!—so tidy!" answered the old negro, grinning.

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Chuang Tzu was fishing in the P'u River when the Prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of that province.

Chuang Tzu went on fishing, and, without turning his head, said, "I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise that has been dead some three thousand years, and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"It would rather be alive," replied the two officials, "and wagging its tail in the mud."

"Begone!" cried Chuang Tzu. "I, too, will wag my tail in the mud."

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